

FRONTISPIECE

ANTHONY LEE or LEIGH, that industrious and mirthful player, in the score of years he was before the public — from 1672 to 1692 — originated above thrice that number of characters. His masterpiece was Dryden's Spanish Friar, Dominique. How he *looked* in that once famous part, may be seen by any one who can gain access to Knowle, where his portrait, painted for the Earl of Dorset, still hangs — and all but speaks. But we may see how Leigh looked by another portrait, painted in words, by Cibber. "In the canting, grave hypocrisy, of the Spanish Friar, Leigh stretched the veil of piety so thinly over him, that in every look, word, and motion, you saw a palpable slyness shine throughout it. Here he kept his vivacity demurely confined, till the pretended duty of his function demanded it: and then he exerted it with a choleric, sacerdotal insolence. I have never yet seen any one that has filled them" (the scenes of broad jests) "with half the truth and spirit of Leigh. I do not doubt but the poet's knowledge of Leigh's genius helped him to many a pleasant stroke of nature, which, without that knowledge, never might have entered into his conception." Leigh had the art of making pieces — dull to the reader, side-splitting mirth to an audience.

— Doran, *Annals of the English Stage*, vol. 1, p. 144.



ANTONY LEIGH
as Dominic in *The Spanish Friar*
(From the portrait at Knowle)

ALL FOR LOVE
AND
THE SPANISH FRYAR

By JOHN DRYDEN

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Biography

JOHN DRYDEN was born on the 9th of August 1631, at Aldwinkle, a village in Northamptonshire. He was the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden, and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering. Both his parents belonged to good families, whose members had been conspicuous for their Puritanism and for their opposition to the crown. From a village school he passed to the tutelage of the famous Busby, at Westminster, and in 1650 was admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected a scholar. Here he seems to have devoted himself mainly to the Greek and Roman poets, and to have shown an independence of authority which rendered him on at least one occasion amenable to the college discipline. He took his bachelor's degree in 1654. In the same year his father died and left him a small property. Whether Dryden returned to Cambridge after his father's death is uncertain; he at least never took the master's degree, and in 1657 we find him in London, secretary to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a member of Cromwell's Council of State. In after years Dryden apparently cherished a certain dislike to Cambridge, expressed in some lines of a prologue written for an Oxford play (1681 ?):

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university;
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Apart from three short pieces, of meagre promise, composed while at college, Dryden's first poetical effort was his *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of the Lord Protector*, written, of course, in 1658. Their model was plainly D'Avenant's *Gondibert*, but amid their formal rhetoric were touches of the inherent vigor which was to characterize his maturer work. Years afterwards, when Dryden was laureate and the champion in verse of the royal party, his eulogy of Cromwell was reprinted for his vexation. According to tradition, Dryden earned his livelihood for a while, after leaving his cousin's employ, as a hackwriter for Herringman the publisher.

In 1660, when Charles II was restored to his father's throne, Dryden celebrated his return with a laudatory poem in heroic couplets, *Astræa Redux*. "If he changed," says Johnson, "he changed with the nation." This was followed by two similar pieces, *To His Sacred Majesty on His Coronation*, 1661, and *To the Lord Chancellor Hyde*, 1662. In 1663 his first play, *The Wild Gallant*, was acted, but failed. *The Rival Ladies*, probably in the same year, was more successful. During these years Dryden gained prestige rapidly. He was made a member of the Royal Society, he became intimate with Sir Robert Howard, a courtier and playwright, son to the Earl of Berkshire, and in 1663 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, the Earl's youngest daughter. In 1664 Pepys records (Feb. 3) seeing at the Rose (afterwards Will's) coffee-house, "Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge) and all the wits of the town." His play *The Indian Emperor*, 1665, was a sequel to Howard's *Indian Queen*, of which Dryden had been part author. In 1667 he published a narrative and descriptive poem of considerable power, *Annus Mirabilis*, describing two notable events of the previous year, the Great Fire and the naval victory over the Dutch. His *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668, in dialogue form, defends the use of rhymed verse in tragedy, a practice which Howard had censured. About this time Dryden contracted to provide the King's Theatre with three plays a year, a rate of production which he failed to attain. He wrote in all twenty-eight plays, including an adaptation of *The Tempest*, 1667; *The Conquest of Granada*, in two parts, 1670; *Amboyna*, 1673, designed to exasperate England against the Dutch; *The State of Innocence*, 1677, not acted, dramatized from *Paradise Lost*; *All for Love*, 1678; *Troilus and Cressida*, adapted from Shakespeare, 1679; *The Spanish Fryar*, 1681; *Don Sebastian*, 1690; and his last play, *Love Triumphant*, 1694. With *All for Love* he abandoned rhyme and returned to blank verse for tragedy.

In 1670 Dryden was made historiographer-royal and poet-laureate. In 1671 his *Tyrannick Love* and *Conquest of Granada* were burlesqued by the Duke of Buckingham and others in a popular farce, *The Rehearsal*, in which Dryden himself was caricatured as "Mr. Bayes." In 1673 he became involved in a literary controversy with Elkanah Settle. In 1679 (Dec. 18) he was the victim of a brutal assault by hired ruffians, supposedly at the instigation of John Wil-

mot, Earl of Rochester, who suspected him of complicity in an anonymous and scurrilous *Essay on Satire*. In 1681 and 1682 appeared the matchless satires upon Shaftesbury and his partisans: *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, *MacFlecknoe*, and the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, only in part Dryden's work. In the latter year he also published the *Religio Laici*, a versified argument in behalf of the English Church. A letter written about this time to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, shows him to have been in urgent need of money, "even almost to arresting," burdened by the expense of educating his three sons, in ill health, and discouraged. He begged that a half-year of his salary, which was in arrears, be paid to him, and asked for some small employment. In 1683 he was appointed Collector of Customs in the Port of London. In 1685, on the death of Charles, he eulogized him and saluted his successor in an ode, *Threnodia Augustalis*.

Early in 1686 Dryden embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and in 1687 championed his new church in *The Hind and the Panther*. No conversion has ever been more harshly judged, but the change was really foreshadowed in the *Religio Laici*. With the Revolution Dryden lost all his offices and was reduced to dependence upon his pen. He wrote five more plays, translated Juvenal and Persius in 1693, Vergil in 1697, wrote his brilliant ode, *Alexander's Feast*, in the same year, and in 1700 published his *Fables*. In the preface to the last work he humbly acknowledged the justice of Collier's reproaches for the offenses against morality in his comedies. He died in the same year, upon the 1st of May, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chronological List of Dryden's Plays

(The first date is that of first presentation; the second, that of publication.)

1. *The Wild Gallant*. Feb., 1662-63; 1669.
2. *The Rival Ladies*. 1663 (?); 1664.
3. *The Indian Queen* (with Sir Robert Howard).¹ 1664; 1665.
4. *The Indian Emperor*. 1665; 1667.
5. *Secret Love*; or, *The Maiden Queen*. 1667; 1668.
6. *Sir Martin Mar-all*. 1667; 1668.
7. *The Tempest*; or, *The Enchanted Island* (with D'Avenant). 1667; 1670.
8. *An Evening's Love*; or, *The Mock Astrologer*. 1668; 1671.
9. *Tyrannick Love*; or, *The Royal Martyr*. 1669; 1670.
- 10-11. *Almazan and Almahide*; or, *The Conquest of Granada* (two parts). 1670; 1672.
12. *Marriage à la Mode*. 1672; 1673.
13. *The Assignation*; or, *Love in a Nunnery*. 1672; 1673.
14. *Amboyna*. 1673; 1673.
15. *The State of Innocence*; or, *The Fall of Man*. Never acted; entered, 1674; printed, 1677.²
16. *Aureng-Zebe*. 1675; 1676.
17. *All for Love*; or, *The World Well Lost*. 1677-78; 1678.
18. *The Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham*. 1678; 1678.
19. *Oedipus* (with Lee). 1679; 1679.
20. *Troilus and Cressida*. 1679; 1679.
21. *The Spanish Fryar*; or, *The Double Discovery*. 1681; 1681.
22. *The Duke of Guise* (with Lee). 1682; 1683.

¹ This play is not included in the list given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

² An alleged edition of 1674 appears to be mythical; see W. P. Ker, *Essays of John Dryden*, I, 313.

Chronological List of Dryden's Plays ix

23. *Albion and Albanus*. 1685; 1685.
24. *Don Sebastian*. 1690; 1690.
25. *Amphitryon*. 1690; 1690.
26. *King Arthur*. 1691; 1691.
27. *Cleomenes*. 1692; 1692.
28. *Love Triumphant*. 1693-94; 1694.

(According to the bookseller R. Bentley, Dryden supplied a scene in an anonymous comedy, *The Mistaken Husband*, 1675; in 1691 Dryden denied that the play was his. See Swinburne, "A Relic of Dryden," in *Miscellanies* (1886), pp. 361-370.)

Introduction

THE two plays reprinted in this volume have both an intrinsic and an accidental interest. *All for Love* is a masterpiece of sentimental tragedy, the presentation, with great technical art, with brilliant rhetoric, and at times with genuine inspiration, of one of the few authentic stories of that imperial romance in which seventeenth-century tragedy found its favorite theme. *The Spanish Fryar*, apart from its merits of construction, in which Dryden believed that he had surpassed himself, has in Dominic a figure of great theatrical effectiveness, that for over a century filled pit and gallery with laughter. Of all Dryden's dramatic efforts, *All for Love* best pleased its author, and *The Spanish Fryar*, perhaps, his audiences. On the other hand, these two plays show us Dryden, now as the pupil of Shakespeare, now as the disciple of Fletcher. What great change, in the space of two generations, had come upon tragedy, and what little change upon comedy, could hardly be better illustrated than by the comparison of *All for Love* with *Antony and Cleopatra*, and of *The Spanish Fryar* with *The Spanish Curate*.

During the fourteen years which preceded *All for Love*, Dryden's most ambitious work for the stage had been his heroic plays, beginning with his third play, *The Indian Queen*, written in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, and first acted in

January, 1664. The series had been continued by *The Indian Emperor*, *Tyrannick Love*, the two parts of *The Conquest of Granada*, and *Aureng-Zebe*, while the serious parts of the tragi-comedies *Secret Love* and *Marriage à la Mode* exhibited the "heroic" spirit and in some passages the heroic rhyme. While unquestionably reflecting the sentimentality and pseudo-chivalry of the heroic romances of Mlle. de Scudéry, La Calprenède, and their followers, and in some cases owing to these the outlines of their plots, the heroic plays, as written in their perfection by Dryden, are composite: adaptation of French tragedy, especially Corneille; and Fletcherian influence through D'Avenant.¹ In Corneille is to be found the pattern of their sounding couplets, of their generous sentiments, the love and valor which formed their staple, the repartee and debate of princely lovers. But with Shakespeare and Fletcher before them, the playwrights of the Restoration refused to accept the French restraint of scope and incident and language. With an uneasy consciousness that they might be wrong, they rejected the unity of time, and with perfect certainty that they were right, they crowded their fifth acts with violent deaths and provided their heroes with rant to split the ears of the groundlings. In the last act of *The Indian Emperor*, Montezuma is tortured on the rack, an Indian priest is racked to death, "the two Spaniards and three Indians kill each other,"² Vasquez kills Odmar, Guyomar kills Vasquez, Montezuma commits suicide, Almeria stabs first Alibech and then herself. Alibech, it must be conceded, survives her wound. At the end of

¹ Cf. D'Avenant, Intro., *Belles-Lettres Series*.

² Stage-direction.

Tyrannick Love Maximian, mortally wounded in single combat with Placidius, whom he has slain, sits down upon the body :

And after thee I go,
 Revenging still and following ev'n to the other world my
 blow ; [Stabs him again.]
 And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
 I'll mount, and scatter all the gods I hit. [Dies.]

Earlier in the same play (iv, i) Porphyrius, who has been ordered off to execution, defies the tyrant in this strain :

Where'er thou standst, I'll level at that place
My gushing blood, and spout it at thy face.
Thus, not by marriage, we our blood will join ;
Nay more, my arms shall throw my head at thine.

No parodist could have imagined this. But apart from these supreme extravagances and out-Herodings of Herod, the heroic play was based upon certain conventions or postulates, adopted from contemporary French tragedy and romance, that doomed it from the start to artificiality and unreality. According to these conventions, the mainspring of heroic action was love, and the measure of a lover's heroism was the intensity of his flame. In the words of Queen Isabella,

Love's an heroic passion, which can find
No room in any base, degenerate mind :
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
And makes the lover worthy his desire.

The fair and brave on each side shall contest,
And they shall overcome who love the best.¹

¹ *2 Conquest of Granada*, I, i (*Works*, IV, 128). All references to Dryden's *Works* are to the Scott-Saintsbury edition.

In the intervals between deeds of desperate valor, the hero discourses of love with the mistress of his heart, and at some supreme moment, in earnest of her affection, is permitted to kiss her hand. Upon love all turns. War and peace are determined by personal love-affairs. Of the eleven characters in *The Indian Emperor*, a play giving the heroic version of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, all but two, the Mexican high priest and one Spanish commander, are in love : Almeria has one wooer, Cydaria two, and Alibech three. As to the strange sentiments professed by these lovers and their curious attitude under rebuff, Scott's opinion¹ was hardly too severe. The matching of vows of eternal loyalty with protestations of serene indifference which we accept as natural in the banter of Palamede and Doralice, of Wildblood and Jacinta, becomes unnatural when transferred to Arimant and Indamora, to Abdelmelech and Lyncdaraxa. Dryden himself passed sentence on these scenes in a single line of *The Conquest of Granada* :

They who love truly, cannot argue well.²

Butler travestied them in his dialogue, *Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling*.³

Dryden, whose word should carry some authority, traced the beginnings of the heroic period in tragedy to D'Avenant's famous opera, later given as a regular drama, *The Siege of Rhodes*,⁴ and ascribed the popu-

¹ Dryden, *Works*, i, 101-112.

² First part, iv, ii (*Works*, iv, 83).

³ First printed in his *Genuine Remains* (1754).

⁴ First part, acted 1656 ; second part, 1661.

larity of the species to "the countenance and favour which they have received at court."¹ The latter statement was also made by Lord Orrery.² But royal and noble approval alone could not have guaranteed their popularity; the true reasons must be sought in the sentimental and spectacular features of the plays and in the skill with which Hart, Mohun, Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Boutell, and Mrs. Marshall delivered their resounding lines. For all its enjoyment of *The Rehearsal*, the public received Dryden's last heroic play, *Aureng-Zebe*, with as much applause as any. It was Dryden himself that had first tired of the monotony and artificiality of the species, and in his prologue declared,

Our author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you;
And out of no feigned modesty, to-day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But now he has another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground:
What verse can do, he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
Awed when he hears his god-like Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
And to an age less polished, more unskilled,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.

In the dedication, also, Dryden spoke despondently of his

¹ Dedication of *The Indian Emperor* (*Works*, II, 285).

² Preface to his *Plays* (Ward, III, 301, n. 3).

work for the stage, and intimated that if royal encouragement could be secured, he would "make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroic poem."¹ Nothing, however, was destined to come of this project, and after a silence of nearly three years, Dryden returned to the theatre with a tragedy of a new type, his only play written for himself,² *All for Love*.

Shakespearean in subject, and in a sense Shakespearean in form, this new play at once seeks and avoids comparison with Shakespeare's own work. The ground covered is that of the last two acts of *Antony and Cleopatra*; the figures, apart from omissions, are of course the same; the medium is blank verse; once or twice, as in the description of Cleopatra in her barge, and in the scene of her death, a direct challenge is offered. On the other hand, the theatrical conditions of the time, the influence of French example and theory, the known taste of his audience, and Dryden's sense of his own limitations, constrained him to narrow the scope of his drama and avoid an unequal rivalry in the open field. With *Antony and Cleopatra* a direct adaptation, such as Dryden had made of *The Tempest* and was later to make of *Troilus and Cressida*, was for mechanical reasons out of the question. The growing authority of the doctrine of the unities made it possible to present only the latter part of the story. And that seventeenth-century sentiment which had found expression in the he-

¹ The subject intended seems to have been the exploits of the Black Prince.

² "I never writ anything for myself but *Antony and Cleopatra*." *Parallel between Poetry and Painting (Works, xvii, 333)*.

roic romance and the heroic drama was certain to manifest itself in the temper of both hero and heroine.

The simplicity of stagecraft which had permitted Shakespeare to shift his scene from Rome to Alexandria, thence to Misenum, thence to Pompey's galley, thence to Syria, thence back to Rome, in successive scenes, at the expense solely of an effort of imagination on the part of the audience, was a thing of the past, "the old Elizabethan way." Movable scenery, painted "in perspective" was now in use, with the result that it was impracticable, on the grounds both of expense and of mechanical difficulty, to represent many different settings or to change them frequently within a single act. Further, critical opinion inclined to the belief that the unity of place should be as far as possible preserved. Although in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668) Dryden had defended the contrary practice, there can be no doubt of his belief that the restriction of the scene to a single spot was an artistic merit. In writing *All for Love*, therefore, which he designed to be his masterpiece, he contrived that the entire action should take place in the temple of Isis, which according to Plutarch¹ was close by the monument of Cleopatra. To do this, he was of course obliged to depart radically from the accepted story. In *All for Love* the dying Antony is not drawn up by cords into the monument, nor do the Roman soldiers ascend the monument by a ladder. Cleopatra comes herself to the temple just as Antony has fallen on his sword, and after his death her own follows with no change of scene.²

¹ § 74; North (*Tudor Transl.*), vi, 77.

² It is possible that Acts II-v take place in Cleopatra's palace,

As with place, so with time. Shakespeare's play covers an historical period of ten years, from the death of Fulvia to that of Cleopatra. To the auditor or reader the time appears much shorter; it would be allowable to say that Shakespeare has represented it as shorter. But certainly the action seems to occupy months, if not years. Dryden has comprised the action of *All for Love* within a single crowded day, the anniversary of Antony's birth. To represent Antony and Cleopatra as dying on the same day, although a departure from the recorded story, is not a change to which great exception need be taken. Judged by seventeenth-century standards, the presentation of the story with perfect observance of the unity of time was a great artistic feat. To accomplish this, the dramatist might well disregard strict chronology, even probability.

As reconstructed by Dryden, the story is simple in outline. After his defeat at Actium, Antony has retired to the temple of Isis, - a prey to melancholy and despair, refusing to see Cleopatra, and heedless of the danger from the besieging Romans. All are forbidden, on pain of death, to approach him. Nevertheless, his old general, Ventidius, comes to him with the offer of twelve legions of Parthian veterans, if he will abandon Cleopatra. Learning that he intends to leave her, Cleopatra appears to bid him farewell, and lets him know that she has rejected Octavius's offer of two kingdoms if she will betray him. Antony now refuses to leave her. Ventidius

but this is nowhere indicated, and it seems more likely that Dryden should have desired to observe the unity of place with absolute strictness.

next contrives the appearance of Dolabella, with the offer from Cæsar of an honorable reconciliation, followed by that of Octavia with Antony's two little daughters. Again Antony resolves to go. Fearful of his own firmness, he sends Dolabella to say farewell for him. Cleopatra, prompted by Alexas, manages to give their interview an affectionate character. This is observed by Octavia and Ventidius, and by them reported to Antony. He, as was intended, becomes mad with jealousy, and violently upbraids Octavia, Dolabella, and Cleopatra. The Queen gives up hope of reconciliation, and seeks to slay herself. Next it is announced that the Egyptian fleet has gone over to the enemy. Alexas brings the false report of Cleopatra's death. Antony falls upon his sword. Cleopatra, with her attendants, arrives in time for the last farewell; then sends for the asps, and dies.

It will be observed that the series of episodes which make up the first four acts, together with Cleopatra's attempt at self-destruction, which begins the fifth, is practically of Dryden's own invention. The arrival of Ventidius with his twelve legions, the mission of Dolabella, the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra, are as un-historic as the dream of Serapion with which the tragedy opens. Antony's jealousy of Dolabella is modeled upon his jealousy of Thyreus in Shakespeare (iii, xiii). Apart from the alterations already mentioned, the conclusion of the play follows the received account. Here, as well as in the broad outlines of the situation, it might be supposed that Dryden's authorities were, as he intimates in his *Preface*, "Plutarch, Appian, and Dio Cassius." But such is not the case. Appian's work, of which more

than half has been lost, carries the story of the civil wars only to the year 35 B. C., five years before the battle of Actium. There is no trace in *All for Love* of any indebtedness to Appian, of the kind which his words are intended to suggest. Nor is there any evidence that Dryden used Dio Cassius. His conception of Cleopatra is wholly at variance with that of Dio Cassius, who lays stress on her treachery to Antony and her hopes of gaining the protection of Octavius by sacrificing him. The ancient authority with whom Dryden is most nearly in accord is Plutarch, but even this agreement is deceptive. The real source is Shakespeare, and, except in Cleopatra's death-scene, Dryden agrees with Plutarch only because Plutarch is Shakespeare's source. In the scene of Cleopatra's death, however, Dryden follows Plutarch's account, and not Shakespeare's alteration. One more detail may have come from Plutarch; namely, the "temple of Isis," for of this there is no mention in Shakespeare. But Dryden hardly needed documentation to imagine a temple of Isis in Alexandria. Every other detail in which Dryden agrees with Plutarch is a detail already adopted by Shakespeare. And in several conclusive instances where Shakespeare, by accident or design, has deviated from Plutarch, Dryden has followed *Antony and Cleopatra*, not the *Lives*. Thus in Plutarch it is after the successful sally against the Romans that Antony challenges Cæsar to single combat. In Dryden, as in Shakespeare, it is before. In Plutarch, Cæsar replies, "Antony has many ways to die." In North's version the reply is translated ambiguously, with the result that Shakespeare makes Cæsar answer, "I have many other

ways to die." Dryden falls into the same trap. Small wonder that his Antony calls the answer "tame." In Plutarch the soldier who slays himself instead of slaying Antony turns his head aside. Ventidius in Dryden, like Eros in Shakespeare, bids Antony turn his face. The point does not call for further elaboration. While it is possible that before writing his *Preface*, he looked through the authors he names, with a view to seizing upon any fresh hints they might afford, it is none the less true that *All for Love* has but one source, and that source is Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Of his treatment of this source, one feature is already plain. He handled it with the utmost freedom, using only a fraction of what it offered him, and radically altering the spirit and character of the work. Another feature, no less to be noted, is that he appropriated without hesitation any usable bit of Shakespeare's workmanship that took his fancy. "Dull Octavia," "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety," "She render'd life, Thy name so buried in her," "The long day's task is done," epithets and phrases like these are repeated or imitated by Dryden, as well as the brilliant picture of Cleopatra in her barge. And a number of other "beauties" and "sentiments" from other plays of Shakespeare have likewise been introduced, notably the opening soliloquy of Antony, with its echoes from *Twelfth Night* and the forest of Arden. In "imitating the divine Shakespeare," Dryden was at pains to put in a good deal of the real, that the imitation might seem all the more exact.

And yet, as was inevitable, the new play is of a

wholly different order. To the vivid chronicle-play of Shakespeare, crowded with striking scenes and picturesque figures, an epic rather than a drama, succeeds the orderly tragedy of Dryden, in which sentiment has largely replaced passion, eloquence has often replaced poetry, and the complex and insoluble characters that Shakespeare accepted from Plutarch have made way for a perfectly intelligible pair of almost conventional tragic lovers. Few literary comparisons are more interesting than that between the two plays. Dryden has simplified his material by beginning after the battle of Actium, by limiting the scene to Alexandria, and by cutting out two thirds of Shakespeare's characters. Much is thereby lost. Cæsar, the instrument of retribution, does not appear in person. Enobarbus has gone, with his rough jests, his reckless fidelity, and his bitterly repented treason; and who is more needed to reflect the character of his leader? The wonderful scene on board Pompey's galley has gone, but only Shakespeare could have attempted this. This simplification reduces *All for Love* to a story of individuals, a personal romance, where *Antony and Cleopatra* is the picture of an age, a vast spectacle presenting the fate of an empire as well as the fortunes of single actors. Again, in Dryden's hands the story loses impressiveness by the treatment of the characters. His Antony is from the beginning ruined in fortune and broken in spirit; he is weaker than Shakespeare's Antony, for he has not within himself the impulse to action. The narrowing of his weakness to the single fault of sentimental infatuation for Cleopatra makes him a poor creature in comparison with the magnificent

prodigal of Shakespeare, in whose riot of self-indulgence the passion for Cleopatra is only an element. To use an old phrase, Dryden's Antony seems unmanly because he has no redeeming vices. Cleopatra has suffered a similar change. In becoming true to Antony, she has become untrue to herself. With Cleopatra made over into an ideal heroine, compounded of queenly pride and true love, Dryden's play is superficially more decorous than *Antony and Cleopatra*, but essentially less moral. Shakespeare's art was sounder, and while he gave his Cleopatra all the fascinations that were needed to catch Antony in her strong toil of grace, he did not suppress the cruelty and deceit and enervation that were cousins to her sensuousness. Octavia, too, has become inferior. Just short of true nobility in Shakespeare—for she turns from Antony to Cæsar without hesitation and almost without regret¹—she becomes in Dryden a scold. Dryden was never worse inspired than in his comments upon her in his *Preface*: "I had not enough considered that the compassion she moved to herself and her children was destructive to that which I reserved for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppressed by it." In a word, he regrets that he has thoughtlessly made vice less attractive. And further on he says: "I judged it both natural and probable, that Octavia, proud of her new-gained conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her." By so much are Dryden's women beneath the women of Shakespeare.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, vi.

The fire and color and life of the dialogue in *Antony and Cleopatra* can of course not be matched in *All for Love*. The description of Cleopatra in her barge has lost half its power by being transferred from the cynical Enobarbus to the love-sick Antony. Yet this comparison with Shakespeare, unfavorable as are its results, is after all the highest tribute that could be paid to the poetic power of Dryden. Only in the case of a great poet would such a comparison have significance. And in many passages Dryden's work is almost worthy of his master. Such is the scene between Antony and Ventidius in the first act, on which Dryden so justly prided himself, and such the lines of Cleopatra as she puts on her crown and her jewels before her death :

Charrion. To what end

These ensigns of your pomp and royalty ?

Cleopatra. Dull that thou art ! why, 'tis to meet my love ;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnus' bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess : so adorned,
I'll find him once again ; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.

Char.

'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place ;
For I must conquer Cesar, too, like him,
And win my share o' th' world.

Such lines might have found a place in Shakespeare's own scene. .

All for Love was first played by the King's Company at Drury Lane in the winter of 1677-78. The cast included Hart as Antony, Mohun as Ventidius, Mrs. Boutell as Cleopatra, and Mrs. Corey as Octavia. On

February 2, 1704, the play was given at court by the actors of the New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with Betterton as Antony, Mrs. Barry as Cleopatra, and Mrs. Bracegirdle as Octavia; "all the other Parts being exactly done, and the Court very well pleas'd."¹ Throughout the eighteenth century it was frequently played at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.² Nance Oldfield, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Siddons (once only) were among those who played Cleopatra. It was revived at Bath in 1818. An American company gave *All for Love* in Philadelphia in 1767 and in New York in 1768.³ During all the eighteenth century, it may be noted, Shakespeare's play seems to have been put on only once, by Garrick in 1759.

The Spanish Fryar brings us, for the most part, into a wholly different atmosphere. If at times the heroics of Torrismond and Leonora recall the Lydian mood of *All for Love*, the comic underplot, which for the modern reader completely overshadows the main action, is a compound of dissolute gallantry and broad farce, saturated with malevolent satire on the Roman Catholic priesthood. In both plays Dryden reflects a part of the spirit of the age: in his tragedy its ideals of sentiment and gallantry, in his comedy its libertinism and its partisan rancor.

The Spanish Fryar was Dryden's tenth comedy. Its predecessors had been by no means of a single type.

¹ Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus* (ed. Knight), p. 47.

² Genest records performances in 1718, 1734, 1736, 1747, 1750, 1766, 1779, 1788, and 1790.

³ Scilhamer, I, 167, 214.

Never wholly satisfied with his work in this field, and continually making new experiments, Dryden may be seen now copying the "humours" of Ben Jonson, now imitating the romantic comedy of Fletcher, now adapting (and degrading) Shakespeare, and now making over a piece of Molière or of Thomas Corneille. Sometimes he scored a hit with the public, sometimes he failed. *The Wild Gallant* (1663),¹ written in prose, shows a Spanish source by its disguises and its nocturnal mistakes of identity, and a Jonsonian bent in its characters: Sir Timorous, whose failing is indicated by his name: Justice Trice, who "measures every man's wit by the goodness of his palate"; Bibber, the tailor, who cannot be dissuaded from making clothes on trust for any man that makes a good jest in his presence. This fell flat, but was revived in 1669 with additions. The piece is coarse beyond description. *The Rival Ladies*, which followed *The Wild Gallant* within a year, was a fresh start. Blank verse and rhyme replace prose: there are Spanish confusions, but the two sisters, disguised as pages to the man with whom they are in love, are figures from the theatre of Fletcher. The play is a comedy only by its happy ending; it has no wit or humor, only antithetic point, sentiment, and melodrama. In *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen* (1667), Dryden blended the two strains. The serious action is princely romance in blank verse and rhyme; the comic underplot, in lively prose, is flirtation and banter, somewhat libertine in tone, but less offensive than the ribaldry of *The Wild Gallant*. Here, then, we have Dry-

¹ These dates, in all cases, are those of first performance.

den's first use of the plan which he followed in *The Spanish Fryar*. The same year saw *Sir Martin Mar-all*, as Dryden called his "transprosing" of *L'Étourdi*, and *The Tempest*, in which D'Avenant collaborated, an unworthy travesty of Shakespeare, pieced out with scenes from a play of Calderon.¹ *An Evening's Love* (1669), from Calderon through the French, failed of success, for all its lively intrigue. *Marriage à la Mode* (1672) returned to the type of *Secret Love*, with the new feature of satire, the target being the Parisian airs and phrases of fine ladies. *Love in a Nunnery* (1672), a tragi-comedy, in which Benito repeats the blunders of Sir Martin Mar-all, was a failure. *Mr. Limberham* (1678), in the vein of *The Wild Gallant*, was regarded by Dryden as his best comedy, but was suppressed on its third acting, apparently not so much for its offenses against decency as for its personal satire, of which the profligate Duke of Lauderdale seems to have been the mark. What Dryden made of *Troilus and Cressida* (1679) is so easily conjectured that description is needless.

This rapid review of Dryden's work for the comic stage should at least make clear that despite frequent hesitations and experiments, his tendency was more and more to settle down to a comedy of a fixed type, of which the elements had been evolved one by one. When he departed from this type, it was as a rule with a loss of public favor. The comedy that came most

¹ Grimm, *Fünfzehn Essays* (1875), p. 206, excerpted in Furness, Variorum Edition of *The Tempest*, p. 346. The play is *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira*.

easily from Dryden's pen and that best pleased his audiences was undoubtedly tragi-comedy in the manner of Fletcher, built upon a romantic principal action just escaping a tragic catastrophe, with a usurping king or queen, sentimentally inclined, a hero or heroine later disclosed to be the prince or princess of the royal line, and a revolution that sets the true heir on the throne. Side by side with this is developed a comic plot, more or less libertine, but commonly innocent in its ending, with disguises and assignations and much ridicule of matrimony. The two plots are united by the easy device of making the rake of the minor action one of the conspirators or liberators in the fifth act. The scene is laid in Sicily or Spain or Italy, but veiled allusion is made to affairs at home. This formula, which Dryden had rediscovered for himself, and which was acceptable to the audiences of Dorset Garden, was followed in *The Spanish Fryer*.

In more than one of his previous plays, Dryden, like his brother playwrights of the day, had incidentally sought to cast odium upon the priesthood. In *The Indian Emperor* a priest presides at the torture of Montezuma, and later his profession is inveighed against by Cortez :

Set up by kings as humble aids to power,
You that which bred you, viper-like, devour ;
You enemies of crowns.¹

Serapion, in *All for Love*, is uniformly addressed in terms of contempt. In *Troilus and Cressida* some of Dryden's most characteristic additions are the abusive

¹ v, ii (*Works*, II, 400).

speeches on priestcraft. In *The Assignment* Hippolita, a nun, is made to act and speak with very questionable propriety. Dryden seems, indeed, to have taken a peculiar joy in thus flattering the prejudices of the wits and town gallants who haunted the playhouses. But in the interval between the composition of *All for Love* and that of *The Spanish Fryar*, various causes had led to a perfect fury of anti-Catholic feeling. These were the years of the belief in the "Popish plot," of the wholesale executions of Catholics on charges of conspiracy and treason, and of the agitation for the exclusion of the Catholic Duke of York from the succession. The king, men said, was to be murdered, a French army was to be landed, and James and the Jesuits were to abolish the Protestant faith. Until the reaction came, press, pulpit, and stage united in savage attacks upon the Catholics and their clergy. *The Spanish Fryar* is Dryden's contribution to this patriotic movement.

But while Dominic, the friar in question, plays an ignoble part, and is characterized by gluttony, cupidity, and mendacity, Dryden did not repeat the mistake he had made in *Amboyna* of ruining his play to humor his spite. As Scott points out, he allowed the friar to atone in part for his vices by his wit and readiness of invention, making him "an object of laughter rather than abhorrence."¹ The result is a character which, if somewhat coarsely drawn, has undoubtedly a certain concreteness and theatrical force, and which by no accident was long a favorite upon the comic stage; not, of course, a character to rank by the side of Falstaff, but easily the most lifelike that Dryden has drawn.

¹ Dryden, *Works*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, vi, 396.

Dominic bears, unquestionably, a certain resemblance to his congener Lopez in Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*,¹ a play which was, of course, familiar to Dryden, and which had been one of the first to be revived at the opening of the theatres.² Lopez, like Dominic, takes money to act as the abettor of a rich young profligate who aims to seduce the wife of a jealous and avaricious citizen; like Dominic, he is fat, gluttonous, grasping, and withal witty. But the parallel cannot be carried much beyond this point. Lopez's part is less odious and less important than that of Dominic. Instead of entering into the stratagem with the gusto of Dominic, he is drawn into it by a trick; the first interview between Leandro and Aramanta owes nothing to his direct aid; the height of his offending is to decoy Bartolus away from the house. At the end, instead of being mobbed like Dominic, he is simply admonished by the Assistant:³

Curate, . . .

I have heard of you, too; let me hear no more,
And what's past is forgotten.

Nowhere is the attempt made to present him as typical; no spectator is invited to detest the Roman clergy at large because this one priest, copied from a Spanish novel, is

¹ Acted 1622; eight scenes out of twenty-one, mainly devoted to the serious action, are attributed by Mr. Fleay to Massinger. The source of both the serious and the comic actions is *Gerardo the Unfortunate Spaniard, Or a Pattern for Lascivious Lovers*, a translation (1622) by Leonard Digges of a novel entitled *Poema del Español Gerardo, y Desengaño del Amor Lascivo* (1615), by Gonzalo de Céspedes y Meneses. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *Works* (1905), II, 103-104, 107-120.

² Downes, p. 18.

³ *Asistente*, magistrate.

a rascal. The comedy is unmingled with malice. Yet, for all the bitterness underlying Dryden's treatment, Dominic is essentially a more comic figure. This is not only because he is more of a caricature, more grotesquely outlined and more highly colored, but also because he plays a more active part and because his scenes give greater opportunity for comic "business." It is a little strange, however, if Dryden had *The Spanish Curate* fresh in his mind when he wrote his own play, that he did not introduce a counterpart to the worthy sexton Diego, Lopez's famished familiar, who, in Fletcher's play, treads at his master's heels, aids him in all his schemes, corroborates all his impromptu inventions, and shares, jackal-like, in the plunder. The absence of any such figure in *The Spanish Fryar* is evidence that Dryden's obligation to *The Spanish Curate*, if any, is of the most superficial kind.

A wholly different source for these scenes was indicated, only ten years after the publication of the play, by the encyclopædic Langbaine. Langbaine, it must be premised, had a great fondness for making charges of plagiarism, regarded Dryden with peculiar dislike, and was indignant at the irreverent attitude toward the clergy assumed in this play. According to him, "the Comical Parts of the *Spanish Fryar*, *Lorenzo*, and *Elvira*, are founded on Monsieur S. Bremond's Novel call'd the *Pilgrim*."¹ The work to which he refers is *Le Pèlerin*, "par le Sieur S. B. R. E. Chez Georges l'Indulgent, à Saint Jacques de Galice," a small duodecimo published in Holland about 1670, and written, according to Bar-

¹ *Acct. Eng. Dram. Poets* (1691), p. 172.

bier,¹ by S. Bremont. Of the author, ostensibly a different person from his contemporary and fellow romancer Gabriel de Bremond, little is known. The story,² which takes up 179 pages, is preceded by the author's plea that his readers may not be scandalized at the part played by Father André, for in Spain the friars by no means refuse to act as intermediaries for lovers. The story itself is a complicated tangle of unedifying intrigues.

The hero, Camille, a member of a Roman Club of "libertines," obliged to flee the country because of his satires upon the Pope and the Cardinals, assumes the garb of a pilgrim, and in this disguise takes passage at Genoa for Barcelona. The cabin adjoining his own is occupied by a Spanish gentleman, officer in the Milanese cavalry, and his young and charming wife, closely guarded by her jealous husband.³ A hole in the partition furnishes Camille with the opportunity of making love to her as Pyramus made love to Thisbe. A ring, accidentally dropped from the lady's finger as she passes it through for him to kiss, becomes the means, at the end of the voyage, of arousing the husband's suspicions. At Barcelona the officer and his wife are the guests of the governor of the city and his wife Doña Barbara. Camille attends mass at the governor's castle, but instead of finding there the lady whom he seeks, he sees only Doña Barbara, who falls in love with him. It is at this point that Camille has re-

¹ *Dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes*, III, 813.

² For my information concerning *Le Pèlerin* I am indebted to the kindness of M. Albert Hérigny of Paris, who examined for me a copy in the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève.

³ The characters for whom no names are here given have none in the story.

course to Father André, the governor's chaplain, who undertakes for fifty pistoles to convey a letter to the officer's wife. An assignation is made for ten that evening, under the castle windows. But when the hour arrives, the lady is prevented from coming, and Doña Barbara, instead, sends her duenna to conduct Camille to her apartment, whither he goes, believing that the invitation is from the other. After this incident, which is made to terminate in a farcical manner, Camille applies again for aid to Father André. The latter readily engages to carry another missive, but is intercepted by the jealous husband, who receives him with abuse and refuses him access to the lady. The chaplain next secures Doña Barbara as an accomplice. He disguises himself as a cavalier, just as the husband decides to disguise himself as a pilgrim. Of course, André in his disguise obtains a letter from the lady, only to spoil all by delivering it to the husband. By order of the governor, Camille and André are thrown into the castle prison. More adventures follow, including one in which André brings Doña Barbara, disguised as a friar, to visit Camille in prison, but there is nothing further that has any possible relation to *The Spanish Fryar*.

A still different original was suggested by Macaulay in his essay on *Machiavelli* (1827). In the course of his enthusiastic account of Machiavelli's *Mandragola*, he says, "The hypocritical confessor is an admirable portrait. He is, if we mistake not, the original of Father Dominic, the best comic character of Dryden." It is to be noted that Macaulay limits the resemblance to the one character only, that he makes the statement with

less than his usual positiveness, and that in his essay on *Dryden*, published in the following year, he does not repeat it.

The story of *La Mandragola*¹ belongs to the same class as that of *The Spanish Fryar*, and presents a corresponding group of four principal figures : Messer Nicia, the old husband, Lucrezia, the young wife, Callimaco, the gallant, and Fra Timoteo, the friar. In addition, Callimaco has as accomplices his servant Siro and a parasite, Ligurio, and is aided by Lucrezia's mother, Sostrata. The action is, in outline, as follows. Becoming enamored of the beautiful Lucrezia, at first by report and later on seeing her, Callimaco contrives to be introduced to her husband as a physician. In this guise he recommends to the childless Nicia, who is bent upon having offspring, that he administer to his wife a potion of mandrake-root, and then, to escape the pretended fatal effect upon himself, force some young stranger, captured in the street, to supply his place for the night. Nicia is persuaded to try the remedy, and at the suggestion of the treacherous Ligurio, furnishes the money to bribe Timoteo, his wife's confessor, to persuade her to acquiesce. Timoteo is further induced to disguise himself as Callimaco, in order that the latter may seem to be present when the real Callimaco, of course disguised, is conveniently captured. Thus Nicia is duped into taking an active part in the conspiracy against himself, which turns out exactly as Callimaco had planned.

Did Dryden owe the plan of *The Spanish Fryar* to

¹ Retold by La Fontaine in *La Mandragore* (*Contes et Nouvelles*, III, ii ; 1671).

Le Pèlerin or to *La Mandragola*? Is Dominic any more like André or Timoteo than he is like Lopez? The reader will, I think, be inclined to answer the question in the negative.¹ The fact is that the quartette made up of jealous husband, young wife, gallant, and knavish intermediary is of perennial occurrence in the *conte galant* and the comedy of intrigue. All that the versions of Machiavelli (followed by La Fontaine), of Céspedes (followed by Fletcher), of Bremont, and of Dryden really have in common, is that in each case the agent is a priest. This variation might easily have occurred independently to any of the four. The sameness of the elements leads inevitably to similarity in the situations. Needing a rascally priest for his purposes in this play, Dryden naturally chose as his comic action one in which the priest was made the direct abettor of vice. It is quite possible that the broad outlines of his story were suggested by reminiscences of *The Spanish Curate*, for with this he was certainly acquainted; possible, but less likely, that he took his hint from Machiavelli or Bremont or La Fontaine. Doubtless more than one of Dryden's audience in 1681 said to his neighbor at the end of the second act, "Why, this is nothing new." And whether he had in mind the play of Fletcher or the novel of Bremont or the tale of La Fontaine, he was, within limits, entirely right. But he was also wrong, for not

¹ Cf. James Mew, *Machiavelli's Mandragola*, *Fortnightly Review*, LVII (1892), 530-542, and especially 538-539. Mr. Mew finds himself unable to agree with Macaulay, and reaches the conclusion that "the friar of Machiavelli was the original of Friar Dominic in no other sense than that in which he was the original of Tartufe."

one scene in Dryden's play can be said to duplicate what had been written before, and Father Dominic remains distinct from all his predecessors. What Dryden had written ten years before still held good: "I am taxed with stealing all my plays, and by some who should be the last from whom I would steal any part of them. There is one answer which I will not make, but it has been made for me by him to whose grace and patronage I owe all things:

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum —

and without whose command they should no longer be troubled with anything of mine: 'That he only desired that they who accused me of theft would always steal him plays like mine.' "1

The feature of *The Spanish Fryar* on which Dryden chiefly prided himself was the technical skill that he had displayed in fusing together the two actions. Addison, Johnson, and Scott were of similar opinion, and among Dryden's recent critics Mr. Churton Collins has agreed with them.² But for all this weight of authority, is not *The Spanish Fryar* of almost identical structure with *Secret Love*, *The Assignment*, and *Marriage à la Mode*? Dryden has duly linked together the two stories at the proper points, but for a man who had already written twenty plays, this was hardly a

¹ Preface to *An Evening's Love* (*Works*, III, 247). This remark of Charles has sometimes been erroneously represented as made concerning *The Spanish Fryar* (e. g., by Doran, ed. Lowe, I, 228).

² References: *Spectator*, No. 267; *Lives*, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, I, 356; Dryden, *Works*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, VI, 395; *Essays and Studies*, p. 42.

remarkable feat. Is the junction of the two plots any better managed in *The Spanish Fryar* than in *The Spanish Curate*? And what of *Twelfth Night*, of *Much Ado About Nothing*, of *King Henry IV*? Indeed, one "beauty," as Dryden would have called it, is missing in this play: its two actions have only an artificial connection; there is no hidden congruity or contrast between them, like that which Shakespeare presents between the story of Hamlet and the stories of Laertes and Fortinbras; between that of the two dukes and that of the two brothers in *As You Like It*; between the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian and the conspiracy of Stephano and Caliban in *The Tempest*. The story of Lorenzo and Elvira might just as well have been combined with the serious plot of *Secret Love* or of *Don Sebastian* as with the story of Torrismond and Leonora. And in itself, the story, as dramatic material, has an obvious drawback. One thing requisite in a dramatic story is that it should end in definite success or failure. But the struggle, such as it is, between the designs of Lorenzo and the vigilance of Gomez results in victory for neither side; Elvira turns out to be Lorenzo's sister, and the game is called off before the hands are played out. It was certainly not the merits of construction, but the character parts of Dominic and Gomez that gave the piece its vogue. In every other feature it is equaled or excelled by more than one of Dryden's other plays, yet on the stage, by virtue of Dominic and Gomez, it outlived them all except *All for Love*. These parts continued to attract, long after the generation that had gone wild over the "Popish plot" had passed

away. Noted actors, Norris and Quin and Foote, impersonated them before eighteenth-century audiences. And as final evidence that the vitality of the play depended upon these figures, we find that at the end of its theatrical life it was cut down for stage use by omitting all but the comic scenes.

As originally performed at the Duke's Theatre in 1681, *The Spanish Fryar* "was Admirably Acted, and produc'd vast Profit to the Company."¹ Anthony Leigh created Dominic, in which character his portrait was afterwards painted by Kneller.² Before the play was a year old, Dryden was satirizing the anti-Catholic party in *Absalom and Achitophel*, and a few years later he had embraced the religion which it held up to derision. Under James, as will appear below, the play was forbidden the stage.³ When, in 1686, the second edition was printed, it bore on its title-page the legend, "Licensed to be Reprinted, March 30, 1686. Ro. L' Es-trange," and the omission of three passages from the text showed that Sir Roger had tried to take his duties seriously, though numerous passages of similar character were retained unchanged.⁴

A letter written in 1689 by the Earl of Nottingham⁵

¹ Downes, p. 37.

² In 1689. The picture is in the National Portrait Gallery; a reproduction will be found in Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants*, ed. Lowe, I, 144.

³ See the next paragraph.

⁴ The censorship of the press, which had lapsed in 1679, had been re-established in 1685 (1 Jac. II, c. 8, § 15). The passages omitted were *Prolog.* 13-14; IV, ii, 15-19; IV, ii, 307-315.

⁵ Dalrymple, *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland* (2d edition,

has preserved the next chapter in the history of the play, the unlucky performance before Queen Mary.

“The only day Her Majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, and that on which she designed to see another, has furnished the town with discourse for near a month. The choice of the play was the Spanish Fryar, the only play forbid by the late k——. Some unhappy expressions, among which these that follow, put her in some disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind her and call for her palatine, and hood, and anything she could next think of, while those who were in the pit before her turned their heads over their shoulders, and all in general directed their looks towards her, whenever their fancy led them to make any application of what was said. In one place, where the queen of Arragon is going to church in procession, ’tis said by a spectator, Very good, she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.¹—And when said, That ’tis observed at court who weeps, and who wear black for good king Sancho’s death;² ’tis said, Who is that, that can flatter a court like this? Can I sooth tyranny, seem pleas’d to see my royal master murdered; his crown usurped; a distaff in the throne:³ and what title has this queen but lawless force; and force must pull her down.⁴ Twenty more things were said, which may be wrested to what they were

1773), vol. II, part II, pp. 78–80; reprinted (inaccurately) in Dryden, *Works*, VI, 400.

¹ I, 105–107.

³ IV, II, 12–14.

² IV, II, 6–7.

⁴ IV, II, 25–26.

never designed ; but however the observations then made, furnished the town with talk, till something else happened which gave as much occasion of discourse ; for another play being ordered to be acted, the *q* — came not, being taken up with other diversion."

The *Fryar* was a stock piece all through the eighteenth century.¹ In 1710 the noted comic actor "Jubilee Dicky" Norris appeared as Gomez ; in 1722 the tragedian Quin, Garrick's rival, acted Dominic ; in 1757 Foote played Gomez in a three-act version, abridged by omitting the serious part. New York saw the piece in 1750, 1759 (comic scenes only), and 1783 ; Philadelphia and Charleston in 1768.²

The two plays here reprinted show, if not the complete range of Dryden's dramatic power, at least the extreme points of that range, from the farce of Dominic to the tragedy of Cleopatra. They show that even if not born with the dramatic instinct and with the gift of laughter and tears, he yet made them his own, though he could not hold them continually within his grasp. The bent of his mind was analytic, not creative ; he was more akin to Theophrastus and Juvenal and Bacon than to Aristophanes or Shakespeare or Molière. Yet the man whose natural expression was the portrait of Zimri could train himself to work in the concrete, and by persistent imitation and experiment could attain to a first place

¹ Genest notes performances, besides those mentioned above, in 1731, 1734, 1738, 1755, 1774, 1778, 1780 (two theatres), and 1787. Gibbon saw it acted in 1762 (*Misc. Works*, I, 154, cited by G. Birkbeck Hill, Johnson's *Lives*, I, 357, n. 2).

² Scilhamer, I, 6, 94, 242; II, 97, 206.

in the dramatic literature of his age. The greatest achievements of dramatic genius — to observe with just vision and preserve for all time an epoch of national life; to create characters that seem to have life and impulse of their own, independent of their creator; to rise above the immediate theme and make a finite story illumine the great mysteries that baffle humanity — these were beyond his reach. Within that circle, as he well knew, he durst not walk. But from Macaulay on, Dryden's critics have, as a rule, estimated his dramatic powers too low. They have harped too much on what he was not, forgetting what he was.

To have continued the work of Fletcher, to have prepared the way for that of Congreve, and to have written under the restrictions of artificial rules a tragedy of genuinely poetic power — these are no mean achievements, and they represent only one field of Dryden's endeavor. The sympathetic reader of Dryden's plays will find much that will repay him — a growing skill in construction, a vigorous rhetoric that rises constantly to eloquence and often to poetry, abundance of raillery and repartee, a lively picture of the manners of town and court, and scenes from that realm of love and honor in which the imagination of the seventeenth century loved to dwell. No revolution of taste will ever restore Dryden's theatre to popularity, but it is not too much to hope that unprejudiced study of his work will lead to a better appreciation of its merits. To aid in this rehabilitation is the aim of this volume.

Passages Imitated from Shakespeare

DRYDEN's avowal that "in his style he professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare" is less candid than it seems. The following tabulation shows that besides imitating in a general way Shakespeare's diction and versification, he inserted into *All for Love* not a little of the genuine substance of Shakespeare, using as his quarry not only *Antony and Cleopatra*, but numerous other plays. To Shakespeare's phrases, images, and turns of speech, he helped himself freely. To a less extent, the same habit appears in *The Spanish Fryar*. Of course, in lists of this kind there is room for differences of opinion. In some instances below (but in very few, I believe) some readers may doubt that the resemblance implies conscious borrowing. Other readers may be inclined to see direct imitation in passages which I have excluded from my lists. But most of the parallels here given are beyond dispute.

Where a passage imitated from *Antony and Cleopatra* has its counterpart in Plutarch, this is indicated by a reference to the page in North, *Plutarch's Lives (The Tudor Translations)*, edited by W. E. Henley), vol. vi (1896).

In the preparation of the first two lists I have been under great obligations to Miss Josephine Britton, a graduate student in Cornell University.

*Passages in All for Love imitated from Antony and Cleopatra.*¹

All for Love.

i, 447-451.
 ii, 7-12.
 ii, 122.
 ii, 409-412.
 iii, 24-28.
 iii, 49-51.
 iii, 144-148.
 iii, 160-182.
 iii, 401-404.
 iii, 477-482.
 iv, 240-242.
 iv, 286.
 v, 81-95.
 v, 180-181.
 v, 231-235.
 v, 261-262.
 v, 286-288.
 v, 326-327.
 v, 395-397.
 v, 415.
 v, 424-425.
 v, 434-436.
 v, 443-445.
 v, 454-456.
 v, 459-462.
 v, 479-480.
 v, 501-504.

Antony and Cleopatra.

iii, xiii, 191-194.
 iv, xv, 72-78.
 iv, i, 5 (Plut. p. 78).
 i, iii, 97-99.
 ii, ii, 240-243.
 v, i, 30-31.
 iii, xiii, 90-92.
 ii, ii, 196-223 (Plut. pp. 25-26).
 ii, v, 111-114; iii, iii, 9-37.
 ii, v, 118-119.
 ii, ii, 244-245.
 iii, xiii, 124-125.
 iv, xii, 9-13 (Plut. p. 78).
 v, ii, 1-2.
 iv, xiv, 29-34.
 iv, xiv, 35.
 iv, xiv, 46-47.
 iv, xiv, 85-86 (Plut. p. 79).
 iv, xiv, 51-54.
 v, i, 55.
 v, ii, 208-211.
 v, ii, 286-290.
 iv, xv, 80-82.
 iv, xv, 14-17.
 v, ii, 227-229.
 v, ii, 323-324.
 v, ii, 328-330 (Plut. p. 87).

¹ References are to the Globe edition (Clark and Wright).

Imitations of Shakespeare xlv

Other Imitations of Shakespeare in All for Love.

All for Love.	Shakespeare.
i, 76-77.	M. N. D. i, i, 108-110.
i, 178-179.	J. C. iii, i, 149-150.
i, 203-205.	K. John, iii, i, 83-84.
i, 228-230.	T. N. i, i, 1.
i, 231-243.	A. Y. L. ii, i, 29-57.
iii, 92-97.	M. N. D. iii, ii, 203-208.
iv, 297-298.	M. Ado, iii, ii, 108-110.
iv, 315-316.	Oth. iii, iii, 278-279.
v, 296-298.	Rich. II, v, 1, 29-31.
v, 300-302.	Hamlet. v, ii, 355-360.

Imitations of Shakespeare in The Spanish Fryar.

i, 345.	Hen. V, ii, iii, 16.
iii, i, 9-11.	W. T. iv, iv, 25-31.
iii, iii, 264-270.	W. T. iii, ii, 237-243.
iv, i, 234-235.	M. V. ii, viii, 15-17.
iv, ii, 52-61.	K. John, iv, ii, 185-202.
v, i, 60-63.	Oth. iv, iii, 23-33.
Epilogue, 41-43.	Tr. and Cr. v, x, 42-45.

THE TEXT

Three editions of *All for Love* were published during Dryden's lifetime, in the years 1678, 1692, and 1696. These editions, all in quarto, are here designated as Q1, Q2, and Q3. It is obvious, upon comparison, that they represent a single text. Q2 was set up from a copy of Q1, and Q3 from a copy of Q2. The text here reproduced is that of Q1, collated with those of Q2 and of Q3, all from copies in the Harvard University Library, and with that of the Scott-Saintsbury reprint in the *Works*, vol. v (1883), here designated as Sb. The agreement of Q2 and Q3 with Q1 is indicated by the symbol Qq.

The spelling of Q1, not entirely uniform, and somewhat more old-fashioned than that of Q2 and Q3, has been followed throughout, as being at least closer to Dryden's own. The italics, punctuation, and capitalization of the original are modernized. When, as frequently occurs, the Qq begin a word following a colon with a capital letter, this has been taken, with but few exceptions, to denote the continuation of the sentence, and the capital is replaced by lower case, with the substitution, as a rule, of a semicolon for the colon. Signs of parenthesis in the text proper are in all cases retained from Q1. The stage-directions are those of Q2 without change, except that asides have been more consistently indicated.

The contractions found in Q1 (*o'*, *i'*, *th'*, *r'*, *'t*, *heav'ns*, etc.) are preserved, but their frequent expansion in Q2, Q3, and Sb is not recorded among the variants. Such modernizations in Sb as *further* for *farther*, *than* (comparative) for *then*, *murder* for *murther*, and *'s* for *his* (after proper names), are also disregarded. Misprints in Q2, Q3, and Sb are, as a rule, ignored.

ALL ^{FOR} LOVE:
OR, THE
World well Lost.

A
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL;
And Written in Imitation of *Shakespeare's* Style.

By *John Dryden*, Servant to His Majesty.

Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: idque resistentis amorum incendiis irridere. CICERO.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *Thos. Newcomb*, for *Henry Herringman*, at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1678.

THE SOURCE

The source of *All for Love* is Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, especially the last two acts. The story has been considerably modified; see the *Introduction*, p. xviii. In what he has retained, Dryden follows Shakespeare (cf. notes to I, 123, and V, 328) and not Plutarch, much less Appian and Dion Cassius, to whom he refers in his Preface. For the numerous incidental borrowings from Shakespeare, see pp. xliii-xlv.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS, Earl of *Danby*, VISCOUNT
Latimer, AND BARON OSBORNE OF
Kiveton, in *Yorkshire*; LORD HIGH TREAS-
URER OF *England*, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, AND
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

The gratitude of poets is so troublesome a virtue to great men that you are often in danger of your own benefits; for you are threaten'd with some epistle, and not suffer'd to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am nor ought to be surpris'd at this indulgence; for your lordship has the same right to favour poetry which the great and noble have ever had. 5

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in nature betwixt those who are born for worthy actions, and those who can transmit them to posterity; and though ours be much the inferiour part, it comes at least within the verge of alliance; nor are we unprofitable members of the common-wealth, when we animate others to those virtues which we copy and describe from you. 10

'Tis indeed their interest, who endeavour the subversion of governments, to discourage poets and historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten; but such who under KINGS are the fathers of their country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs 15

5 *nor* 5b, or.

preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the chroniclers of their
 actions, as they have to lay up in safety the deeds and evidences of their
 estates; for such records are their undoubted titles to the love and rever- 20
 ence of after-ages. Your lordships administration has already taken
 up a considerable part of the English annals; and many of its most
 happy years are owing to it. His MAJESTY, the most knowing judge
 of men, and the best master, has acknowledg'd the ease and benefit he
 receives in the incomes of his treasury, which you found not only dis- 25
 order'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a chaos,
 without form or method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to annihilation;
 so that you had not only to separate the jarring elements, but (if that
 boldness of expression might be allow'd me) to create them. Your ene- 30
 mies had so embroyl'd the management of your office, that they look'd
 on your advancement as the instrument of your ruine. And as if the
 clogging of the revenue, and the confusion of accounts, which you
 found in your entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own
 weight of malice to the publick calamity, by forestalling the credit 35
 which shou'd cure it; your friends on the other side were only capable
 of pitying, but not of aiding you; no farther help or counsel was
 remaining to you, but what was founded on your self; and that indeed
 was your security; for your diligence, your constancy, and your pru-
 dence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by
 any outward motion. The highest virtue is best to be trusted with it 40
 self, for assistance only can be given by a genius superiour to that which
 it assists. And 'tis the noblest kind of debt, when we are only oblig'd
 to God and nature. This then, my lord, is your just commendation,
 that you have wrought out your self a way to glory by those very means 45
 that were design'd for your destruction; you have not only restor'd but
 advanc'd the revenues of your master, without grievance to the sub-
 ject; and as if that were little yet, the debts of the exchequer, which lay
 heaviest both on the crown and on private persons, have by your conduct
 been establish'd in a certainty of satisfaction. An action so much the
 more great and honourable, because the case was without the ordinary 50
 relief of laws; above the hopes of the afflicted, and beyond the narrow-
 ness of the treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able hand.
 'Tis certainly the happiest and most unenvy'd part of all your for-
 tune, to do good to many, while you do injury to none; to receive at
 once the prayers of the subject and the praises of the prince; and, by the 55

care of your conduct, to give him means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his royal virtues: his distributive justice to the deserving, and his bounty and compassion to the wanting. The disposition of princes towards their people cannot better be discover'd than in the choice of their ministers; who, like the animal spirits betwixt the soul and body, participate somewhat of both natures, and make the communication which is betwixt them. A king, who is just and moderate in his nature, who rules according to the laws, whom God made happy by forming the temper of his soul to the constitution of his government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other sovereignty than that wherein our welfare and liberty consists; a prince, I say, of so excellent a character, and so suitable to the wishes of all good men, could not better have convey'd himself into his peoples apprehensions than in your lordships person; who so lively express the same virtues, that you seem not so much a copy as an emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of greatness; but there is a steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a minister of state: so equal a mixture of both virtues, that he may stand like an isthmus betwixt the two encroaching seas of arbitrary power and lawless anarchy. The undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary genius, to stand at the line and to divide the limits; to pay what is due to the great representative of the nation, and neither to inhance nor to yeild up the undoubted prerogatives of the crown. These, my lord, are the proper virtues of a noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English virtues; no people in the world being capable of using them but we who have the happiness to be born under so equal and so well-poised a government, a government which has all the advantages of liberty beyond a commonwealth, and all the marks of kingly sovereignty without the danger of a tyranny. Both my nature, as I am an Englishman, and my reason, as I am a man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious name of a republick; that mock-appearance of a liberty, where all who have not part in the government are slaves; and slaves they are of a viler note than such as are subjects to an absolute dominion. For no Christian monarchy is so absolute but 'tis circumscrib'd with laws; but when the executive power is in the law-makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the people must suffer without a remedy, because

63 God made. Sb, God has made.

82 government, a. Q, period after government.

they are oppress'd by their representatives. If I must serve, the number of my masters, who were born my equals, would but add to the ignominy of my bondage. The nature of our government, above all others, is exactly suited both to the situation of our country and the temper of the natives: an island being more proper for commerce and for defence than for extending its dominions on the Continent; for what the valour of its inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness and the casualties of the seas it cou'd not so easily preserve; and therefore neither the arbitrary power of one in a monarchy, nor of many in a commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true that vaster and more frequent taxes might be gather'd when the consent of the people was not ask'd or needed; but this were only by conquering abroad to be poor at home; and the examples of our neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest subjects whose kings extend their dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive war, at least a land war, the model of our government seems naturally contriv'd for the defensive part; and the consent of a people is easily obtain'd to contribute to that power which must protect it. Felices nimium, bona si sua norint, Angligenæ! And yet there are not wanting malcontents amongst us, who, surfeiting themselves on too much happiness, wou'd perswade the people that they might be happier by a change. 'Twas indeed the policy of their old forefather, when himself was fallen from the station of glory, to seduce mankind into the same rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: that is, more free than his nature wou'd allow, or (if I may so say) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the liberty which free-born subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but licence. But if it be liberty of conscience which they pretend, the moderation of our church is such, that its practice extends not to the severity of persecution, and its discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more freedom to dissenters than any of the sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what right can be pretended by these men to attempt innovations in church or state? Who made them the trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own language) the keepers of the liberty of England? If their call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working miracles; for ordinary vocation they can have none, to disturb the government

94 others. Q3, other

III amongst Sb, among

under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his party, and always has made his interest the rule of it, gives little evidence of his sincerity for the publick good; 'tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the people for tools to work his fortune. Yet the experience of all ages might let him know that they who trouble the waters first, have seldom the benefit of the fishings; as they who began the late rebellion enjoy'd not the fruit of their undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the usurpation of their own instruments. Neither is it enough for them to answer, that they only intend a reformation of the government, but not the subversion of it; on such pretence all insurrections have been founded; 'tis striking at the root of power, which is obedience. Every remonstrance of private men has the seed of treason in it; and discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous terms are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the laws. These, my lord, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve; for no man can be so inconsiderable in a nation as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd with indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the disturbers of his country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself than to your lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your father, almost to the ruine of his estate, for the royal cause, were an earnest of that which such a parent and such an institution wou'd produce in the person of a son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own zeal in suffering for his present MAJESTY, the providence of God and the prudence of your administration will, I hope, prevent. That as your fathers fortune waited on the unhappiness of his sovereign, so your own may participate of the better fate which attends his son. The relation which you have by alliance to the noble family of your lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the English chronicle than the loyalty and courage, the actions and death, of the general of an army, fighting for his prince and country? The honour and gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey is so illustrious a subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an heroic poem; for he was the protomartyr of the cause, and the type of his unfortunate royal master.

Yet after all, my lord, if I may speak my thoughts, you are happy

rather to us than to your self; for the multiplicity, the cares, and the vexations of your imployment, have betray'd you from your self, and given you up into the possession of the publick. You are robb'd of your privacy and friends, and scarce any hour of your life you can call your own. Those who envy your fortune, if they wanted not good 176 nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a croud of suitors, whose importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason that you have lost much more in true content than you have gain'd by dignity, and that a private gentleman is better attended by a single servant than your lordship with so clamorous a train. 175 Pardon me, my lord, if I speak like a philosopher on this subject; the fortune which makes a man uneasie cannot make him happy, and a wise man must think himself uneasie when few of his actions are in his choice.

This last consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your relief; which is, that while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own business, which was my dedication, till 'tis so late that I am now asham'd to begin it; and therefore I will say nothing of the poem which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have 185 an hour which, with a good conscience, you may throw away in perusing it; and for the author, I have only to beg the continuance of your protection to him, who is,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most oblig'd,
Most humble, and most
Obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

THE death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after Shakespeare; and by all so variously, that their example has given me the confidence to try my self in this bow of *Ulysses* amongst the crowd of sutors; and, withal, to take my own measures in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the moral; for the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love, and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded that the hero of the poem ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not without injustice be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle course, and have drawn the character of Anthony as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave; the like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater heighth was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love which they both committed, were not occasion'd by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The fabrick of the play is regular enough as to the inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place and action, more exactly observ'd than, perhaps, the English theater requires. Particularly, the action is so much one that it is the only of the kind without episode or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of *Octavia*; for, though I might use the privilege of a poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd that the compassion she mov'd to her self and children was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppress'd by it. And though I justified *Anthony* in some measure by making *Oct-*

tavia's departure to proceed wholly from her self, yet the force of the first machine still remain'd ; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my critiques have urg'd against me ; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The faults my enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential decencies ; which a master of the ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilio's ; they would not, for example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met ; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartée, for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw and at the same time condemn'd ; for I judg'd it both natural and probable that *Octavia*, proud of her new gain'd conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her ; and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter ; and 'tis not unlikely that two exasperated rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths ; for after all, though the one were a *Roman* and the other a queen, they were both women. 'Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented ; and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided : expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept my self within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation ; which is no more but modesty deprav'd into a vice ; they betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them than of the poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther : *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie ; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire ; nous n'osons appeller a droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer a toute sorte de debauches. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons ; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.*

My comfort is that by this opinion my enemies are but sucking critiques, who wou'd fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet in this nicety of manners does the excellency of *French* poetry consist; their heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense; all their wit is in their ceremony; they want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civillest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critique that they never leave him any work; so busie with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise; for no part of a poem is worth our discommending where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus, their *Hippolitus* is so scrupulous in point of decency that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his stepmother to his father; and my critiques, I am sure, will commend him for it: but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable hero; but take *Hippolitus* out of his poetique fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and chuse rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the poet ought to have preserv'd the character as it was deliver'd to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make love, and transform'd the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolite*. I should not have troubled my self thus far with *French* poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* critiques wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the laws of my own country; for it seems unjust to

me that the French should prescribe here, till they have conquer'd. 110
 Our little sonnetiers who follow them have too narrow souls to
 judge of poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I
 conclude not the only critiques. But till some genius as universal as
Aristotle shall arise, one who can penetrate into all arts and sciences
 without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the 115
 judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the
 opinion of another man ; at least where he is not brib'd by interest
 or prejudic'd by malice ; and this, I suppose, is manifest by plain
 induction : for, first, the crowd cannot be presum'd to have more
 than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them : every man 120
 will grant me this ; but then, by a particular kindness to himself,
 he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the mul-
 titude, of which other men may think him one. But, if I come
 closer to those who are allow'd for witty men, either by the advan-
 tage of their quality or by common fame, and affirm that neither 125
 are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet
 have a strong party of my opinion ; for most of them severally will
 exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least
 of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves ;
 and every one who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will 130
 pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet
 farther, there are many witty men but few poets ; neither have all
 poets a taste of tragedy. And this is the rock on which they are
 daily splitting. Poetry, which is a picture of nature, must generally
 please ; but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please 135
 every man ; therefore is not tragedy to be judg'd by a witty man,
 whose taste is only confin'd to comedy. Nor is every man who loves
 tragedy a sufficient judge of it ; he must understand the excellencies
 of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critique. From
 hence it comes that so many satyrs on poets and censures of their 140
 writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteem'd
 so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps help'd out with
 some smattering of Latine, are ambitious to distinguish themselves
 from the herd of gentlemen by their poetry.

*Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
 Fortunâ.*

145

114 one. Omitted in Q2, Q3.

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not 150 to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of 155 his own accord to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of meer wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the 160 right, where he said that *no man is satisfied with his condition*. A poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satyr is prepar'd to level them 165 for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment: some poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty. 170

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same longings, but with all their power they cou'd never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they 175 sate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could, for 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had 'em in the wind; so every man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could; 'twas known beforehand that the monarchs were 180 to be crown'd laureats; but when the shew was over, and an honest man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled; with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time

the true poets were they who made the best markets ; for they had 185 wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions: they were sure to be rewarded, if they confess'd themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. *Lucan's* example was enough to teach them manners ; and after he was put to death, for over- 190 coming *Nero*, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions ; no man was ambitious of that grinning honour ; for if he heard the malicious trumpetter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another course, and we know he was more than a great 195 man, for he was witty too ; but finding himself far gone in poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace* ; that at least he might be a poet at the second hand ; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him ; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their 200 panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame ; they have much of the poetry of *Mecenas*, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the persons of their successors (for such is every man who has any part of their soul and fire, though in 205 a lesse degree). Some of their little *zanies* yet go farther ; for they are persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him ; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands ! I dare answer for him, 210 he would be more uneasie in their company than he was with *Crispinus*, their forefather, in the *Holy Way* ; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the critiques than he would *Demetrius* the mimic and *Tigellius* the buffoon :

————— *Demetri, teq; Tigelli,* 215
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make doggrel of his Latine, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own ? He is fix'd as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry: 220

————— *Saxum antiquum ingens,*
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

But other arms than theirs and other sinews are requir'd to raise
the weight of such an author ; and when they would toss him against
their enemies,

225

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis ;
Tum lapis ipse viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self
or the rest of the poets, from this rhyming judge of the twelve-penny
gallery, this legitimate son of *Sternhold*, than that he would sub-
scribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learn-
ing) set his mark ; for shou'd he own himself publicly, and come
from behind the Lyons skin, they whom he condemns wou'd be
thankful to him, they whom he praises wou'd chuse to be con-
demned ; and the magistrates whom he has elected, would modestly
withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomi-
nation. The sharpness of his satyr, next to himself, falls most heav-
ily on his friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commend-
ing them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries.
If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault,
Horace wou'd have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to
have call'd it readiness of thought and a flowing fancy ; for friend-
ship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the name of
some neighbour virtue :

245

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus ; & isti
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow man
hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it :

————— *Canibus pigris, scabieq ; vetustâ* 250
*Levibus, & siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris, Leo ; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish lover, even for excusing the im-
perfections of his mistress :

255

*Nigra melichroos est, immunda & sœtida ἑκοσμός.
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει ; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem cygnum* is not to be indur'd. I leave
him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the

other side, and without further considering him than I have the rest 260
 of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer because
 they are not qualified for judges. It remains that I acquaint the reader
 that I have endeavoured in this play to follow the practise of the
 ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observ'd; are and
 ought to be our masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a rule in his 265
 Art of Poetry :

————— *Vos exemplaria Græcæ*
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Yet, though their models are regular, they are too little for Eng-
 lish tragedy, which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could 270
 give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the masterpiece
 of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope
 to have hereafter. In my stile I have profess'd to imitate the divine
Shakespeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have dis-
 encumber'd my self from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former 275
 way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I
 need not to explain my self, that I have not copy'd my author ser-
 vilely; words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in suc-
 ceeding ages; but 'tis almost a miracle that much of his language
 remains so pure; and that he who began dramatique poetry amongst 280
 us, untaught by any, and as *Ben Johnson* tells us, without learning,
 should by the force of his own genius perform so much that in a
 manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The oc-
 casion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant, to handle the dif-
 ference of stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein and how 285
 far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-con-
 fident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me
 to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by
 imitating him I have excell'd my self throughout the play; and par-
 ticularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in 290
 the first act to any thing which I have written in this kind.

PROLOGUE to *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

*What flocks of critiques hover here to day, }
As vultures wait on armies for their prey, }
All gaping for the carcass of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent. 5
Ours gives himself for gone; y'have watched your
time!*

*He fights this day unarm'd—without his rhyme;
And brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call, 10
Bates of his mettle and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a pattern and companion fit
For all the keeping Tonies of the pit. 15
I cou'd name more: a wife, and mistress too; }
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you: }
The wife well-natur'd, and the mistress true. }*
*Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare. 20
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day,
Like Hector's in at every petty fray.*

Prologue. In Q1 precedes Epistle and Preface.

*Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
 They've need to show that they can think at all;
 Errours like straws upon the surface flow; 21
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.
 Fops may have leave to level all they can,
 As pigmies wou'd be glad to lopp a man.
 Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,
 We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite. 30
 But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
 For change become their next poor tenants ghests;
 Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown
 bowls,
 And snatch the homely rasher from the coals
 So you, retiring from much better cheer, 35
 For once may venture to do penance here.
 And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
 Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
 Take in good part, from our poor poets board,
 Such rivell'd fruits as winter can afford. 40*

All for Love ;
or, the
World well Lost.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	By
<i>Marc Anthony,</i>	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
<i>Ventidius,</i> his General,	Mr. <i>Mohun.</i>
<i>Dollabella,</i> his Friend,	Mr. <i>Clarke.</i>
<i>Alexas,</i> the Queens Eunuch,	Mr. <i>Goodman.</i>
<i>Scrapion,</i> Priest of Isis,	Mr. <i>Griffin.</i>
[<i>Myris,</i>] another Priest,	Mr. <i>Coysh.</i>
Servants to <i>Anthony,</i>	
 <i>Cleopatra,</i> Queen of Egypt,	Mrs. <i>Boutell.</i>
<i>Octavia,</i> <i>Anthony's</i> Wife,	Mrs. <i>Corey.</i>
<i>Charmion,</i> } <i>Cleopatra's</i> Maids.	
<i>Iras,</i> }	
<i>Anthony's</i> two little Daughters.	

SCENE — ALEXANDRIA.

Persons. In Q1 precedes *Epistle*, following *Prologue*.

All for Love ;
or, the
World well Lost.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion, Myris, [and] Priests of Isis.

Serapion. Portents and prodigies are grown so
frequent

That they have lost their name. Our fruitful
Nile

Flow'd ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it: men and
beasts

Were born above the tops of trees that grew
On th'utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then with so swift an ebb the floud drove back-
ward,

It slipt from underneath the scaly herd; 10
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore; 11
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,

x *arg.* Sb, have.

Lay lashing the departing waves ; hard by 'em,
 Sea-horses floundring in the slimy mud,
 Toss'd up their heads, and dashed the ooze
 about 'em. 15

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myris. Avert these omens, Heav'n !

Serap. Last night, between the hours of twelve
 and one,

In a lone isle o'th' temple while I walk'd,
 A whirl-wind rose, that with a violent blast
 Shook all the dome : the doors around me clapt ; 20
 The iron wicket that defends the vault
 Where the long race of Ptolomies is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
 From out each monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed ghost start up : the boy-king last 25
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
 Cry'd, "Ægypt is no more." My blood ran back ;
 My shaking knees against each other knock'd ;
 On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd, 30
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene.

Alexas (showing himself). And dream'd you
 this ? or did invent the story,
 To frighten our Ægyptian boys withal,
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood ?

Serap. My lord, I saw you not, 35

25 *start.* Sb, starts.

Nor meant my words should reach your ears ; but
what
I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.

Serap. I know my duty ;
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should. 40
Nor would the times now bear it, were it
true.

All southern from yon hills, the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. Our faint Ægyptians pray for Antony ; 45
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

Myr. Why then does Antony dream out his
hours,

And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost ?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Serap. Yet the foe 50
Seems not to press the siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,
Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge ;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend, 55

Upon some private grudge now seeks his ruine;
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that Antony for some dayes
past

Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
But here in Isis temple lives retir'd, 64
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes
by absence

To cure his mind of love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his peace, Ægypt is doom'd to be
A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests 65
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rival'd proud Rome (dominions other seat),
And Fortune, striding like a vast Colossus,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of empire here. 70

Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all
nature

Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish,—perish
Each by the others sword; but, since our will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one, with him to rise or fall. 75

Serap. How stands the queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,

She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds her self about his mighty ruins;

Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up, -
This hunted prey, to his pursuers hands, 80
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain —
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms,
Far as the earth's deep center. Well, you know 85
The state of things; no more of your ill omens
And black prognosticks; labour to confirm
The peoples hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Antony's.

Serap. These Romans will o'rehear us.
But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look, 90
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emp'ror's great lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd Rome that Parthia could be
conquer'd.

When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers. 95

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony;
A mortal foe he was to us, and Ægypt.
But, let me witness to the worth I hate, 100
A braver Roman never drew a sword.

Firm to his prince ; but as a friend, not slave.
 He ne'r was of his pleasures ; but presides
 O're all his cooler hours and morning counsels ;
 In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue 105
 Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.
 His coming bodes I know not what of ill
 To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better ;
 And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
 And what's our present work.

*They withdraw to a corner of the stage ; and
 Ventidius, with the other, comes forwards
 to the front.*

Ventidius. Not see him, say you ? 110
 I say, I must and will.

Gentleman. He has commanded,
 On pain of death none should approach his
 presence.

Ven. I bring him news will raise his drooping
 spirits,
 Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Ven. Would he had never seen her ! 115

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has
 no use

Of any thing, but thought ; or, if he talks,
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving ;
 Then he defies the world, and bids it pass ;
 Sometimes he gnawes his lip, and curses loud 120

The boy Octavius ; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, " Take all,
The world's not worth my care."

Ven. Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path ; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul ; and then he starts out wide, 125
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills :
But when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds, 130
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as a man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.
He must not thus be lost.

Alexas and the priests come forward.

Alex. You have your full instructions, now
advance ; 135

Proclaim your orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Ægyptians, hear the queen's
command.

Thus Cleopatra bids : " Let labor cease,
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord : 'tis Antony's." 140
Live, Antony ; and Cleopatra live !

Be this the general voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick place repeat this eccho.

Ven. (aside). Fine pageantry !

Serap. Set out before your doors

Tho grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T'upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Ven. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the
priest ?

He knows him not his executioner.

O, she has deck'd his ruin with her love, 170
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing ; she has left him
The blank of what he was ;

I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unman'd him.

Can any Roman see, and know him now, 175

Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a womans toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honors.

And cramped within a corner of the world ?

O, Antony ! 180

Thou bravest soldier and thou best of friends !

Bounteous as nature ; next to nature's God !

Could'st thou but make new worlds, so would'st
thou give 'em,

As bounty were thy being. Rough in battel

As the first Romans when they went to war ; 185

Yet after victory more pitiful

Than all their praying virgins left at home !

Alex. Would you could add to those more shin-
ing virtues,

His truth to her who loves him.

Ven.

Would I could not !

But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee ? 190
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engin,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.
Let your Ægyptian timbrels play alone ;
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trum-
pets. 195

You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards-holy-day in temples.

Exeunt Alex[as], Serap[ion].

Re-enter the Gentlemen of M. Antony.

2 *Gentleman.* The emperor approaches, and commands,

On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

I Gent. I dare not disobey him.

Going out with the other.

Ven.

Well, I dare. zoo

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives; the rest I'll ven-
ture. *Withdraws.*

*Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd motion,
before he speaks.*

Antony. They tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and
I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me
breath.

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travel'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast
downward

To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. (aside). On my soul;
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.²¹⁰
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Ven. (aside). How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.²¹⁵

Ant[ony] having thrown himself down.

[*Ant.*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee:
Some few dayes hence, and then twill be too
large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,²²⁰
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,²²⁵
To see his rival of the universe

²¹⁶⁻²²⁷ *Lie . . . on't.* Given by Sb to Ventidius.

Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
on't.

Give me some musick; look that it be sad;
I'll sooth my melancholy, till I swell
And burst my self with sighing. — *Soft musick.* 230
'Tis somewhat to my humor; stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature,
Of all forsaken and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forrest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oke, 235
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it;
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistleto,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot.

Ven. [*aside*]. Methinks I fancy 240
My self there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

Soft musick again.

Ven. [*aside*]. I must disturb him; I can hold
no longer. *Stands before him.* 245

Ant. (*starting up*). Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private; leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me! ²⁵⁰

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My emperor; the man I love next
Heaven;

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin;

Y'are all that's good, and good-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming ²⁵⁵

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;

And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough; ²⁶⁰

And, if a foe, too much.

Ven. (*weeping*). Look, emperor, this is no
common deaw.

I have not wept this forty year; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness. ²⁶⁵

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man,
he weeps!

^{263 year.} Q2, Q3, Sb, years.

The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Ven. I'll do my best. 270

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
friends:

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine— Nay, father.

Ven. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the stile of
victory,

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds, 275
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh —

Ven. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by
day,

And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers, 280
The hag that rides my dreams —

Ven. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a battel.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
thou think'st;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly: 285

But Antony —

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it), like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventid-
ius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Ven. I did. 290

Ant. I'll help thee. — I have been a man,
Ventidius —

Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but —

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd

The name of soldier with inglorious ease.

In the full vintage of my flowing honors, 295

Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,

And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.

When first I came to empire, I was born

On tides of people, crouding to my triumphs, 300

The wish of nations; and the willing world

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,

Fate could not ruine me; till I took pains,

And work'd against my fortune, chid her from

me,

And turn'd her loose ; yet still she came again.
My careless dayes, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this mad-man, this industrious fool, 310
Who labour'd to be wretched ; pr'ythee, curse
me.

Ven. No.

Ant. Why ?

Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what y' have done, too conscious of your
failings ;

And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge. 315
I would bring balm and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your
fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Ven. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Ven. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Ven. You would be lost then ? 320

Ant. I am.

Ven. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have, to th'utmost. Dost thou think
me desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do 325
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ven. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do,
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and dye tamely. 330

Ant. No, I can kill my self; and so resolve.

Ven. I can dy with you too, when time shall
serve;

But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours 335

In desperate sloth, miscall'd phylosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait
you,
And long to call you chief; by painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile. 340
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their skar'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's
virtue in 'em.

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Ven. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither; 345

There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with
promis'd aids,

To double my despair? They'r mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succor me. Oh trifler!

Ven. They petition 350
You would make hast to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Ven. There's but one way shut up; how
came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Ven. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of 355
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said they would not fight for
Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for
Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her
conquer, 360

And make you more a slave ? to gain you kingdoms,

Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her ? Then she new-names her
jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax ;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province. 365

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free
licence

On all my other faults ; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra ; she deserves
More world's than I can lose.

Ven. Behold, you Pow'rs,

To whom you have intrusted humankind ; 370
See Europe, Africk, Asia, put in ballance,
And all weigh'd down by one light, worthless
woman !

I think the gods are Antony's, and give
Like prodigals this neather world away
To none but wastful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous. 375

Ven. I take the priviledge of plain love to
speak.

Ant. Plain love ! plain arrogance, plain insolence !

Thy men are cowards ; thou, an envious traitor ;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'reflowing gall. 380

O that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honor !

Ven. You may kill me ;
You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one ?

Ven. For showing you your self, ³⁸⁵
Which none else durst have done ? But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to dye with you.
What hindred me t' have led my conqu'ring
eagles 390

To fill Octavius's bands ? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier ;
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false ;
Thought my old age betray'd you ; kill me, sir ; ³⁹⁵
Pray, kill me ; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so ;
I said it in my rage ; pr'ythee, forgive me ;
Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear ?

Ven. No prince but you ⁴⁰⁰
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,

Nor durst another man have ventur'd it ;
But you, ere love misled your wandring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature ; 405
So perfect, that the gods, who form'd you, wonder'd

At their own skill, and cry'd, "A lucky hit
Has mended our design." Their envy hindred,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake, 410
To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra —
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but
thou may'st ;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Ven. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that
kind word ! 415

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
this. *Hugging him.*

Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt ;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way. 420

Ven. And will you leave this —

Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,

410 *ostentation.* Sb, ostentation's.

And I will leave her ; though, Heav'n knows,
I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor :
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my royal master ;
And shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier. 425
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron ;
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry alloud, " Come, follow me ! "

Ven. O, now I hear my emperor ! in that
word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day, 430
And, if I have ten years behind, take all ;
I'll thank you for th'exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra !

Ven. Again ?

Ant. I've done ; in that last sigh,
she went.

Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Ven. Methinks you breath 435
Another soul ; your looks are more divine ;
You speak a heroe, and you move a god.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me ; my soul's up in
arms,
And mans each part about me ; once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me ; 440

That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius's camp; in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of speares
Sung round my head and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches while my formost men 445
Lag'd on the plain below.

Ven. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another hour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and armes are still the same; I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our
troops, 450
May taste fate to 'em; mowe 'em out a passage,
And, entring where the foremost squadrons
yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. *Exeunt.*

444 *all.* Sb, on.

447 *hour.* Q3, Sb, honour.

ACT II.

[Enter] *Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.*

Cleopatra. What shall I do, or whither shall
I turn?

Ventidius has o'rcome, and he will go.

Alexas. He goes to fight for you.

Cleop. Then he wou'd see me, ere he went to
fight;

Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost, 5
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleop. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are
small: 10

For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octa-
vius,

I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive; Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave. 15

Iras. Call reason to assist you.

Cleop. I have none.

And none would have; my love's a noble madness,

Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;

But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion, 20

I soard, at first, quite out of reasons view,

And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud

'Tis thus; would Antony could see me now!

Think you he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,

Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd, 25

And bears a tender heart: I know him well.

Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,

But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleop. Never, never, *Iras.*

He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone, 30

Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleop. I cannot; if I could, those thoughts were vain;

Faithless, ungrateful, cruel though he be,

I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what news, my Charmion? 35
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live, or dye? — nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.

Charmion. I found him, madam —

Cleop. A long speech preparing? 40
If thou bring'st comfort, hast, and give it me,
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleop. Had he been kind, her eyes had told
me so,
Before her tongue could speak it; now she studies

To soften what he said; but give me death, 45
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Incompass'd round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about, 50
And ev'ry leaders hopes or fears survey'd;
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not
pleas'd.

When he beheld me struggling in the croud,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Alex.

There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage

55

Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place; I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I numbred in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request, 60
That you but only beg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But shun'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He seem'd not now that awful Antony, 65
Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod;
But, making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleop. Did he then weep? And was I worth
a tear?

If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing, 70
Tell me no more, but let me dye contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore —

Cleop. Thou would'st say, he wou'd not
see me?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to use a
power, 75

Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleop. Is that a word
 For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
 Oh that faint word, respect! how I disdain it!
 Disdain my self, for loving after it! 80
 He should have kept that word for cold Octavia;
 Respect is for a wife; am I that thing,
 That dull, insipid lump, without desires,
 And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
 You see through love, and that deludes your
 sight, 85
 As what is strait seems crooked through the
 water;

But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
 Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
 A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
 And shuns his master's eyes; if you pursue him, 90
 My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
 That needs must clog his flight.

Cleop. Could I believe thee! —

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
 True, he's hard prest, by intrest and by honor;
 Yet he but doubts, and parlyes, and casts out 95
 Many a long look for succor.

Cleop. He sends word,
 He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?

96 *look.* Q2, Q3, *lookt.*

He shows his weakness who declines the combat,

And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the message
sounds — 100

“Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave
him!” —

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first, 105
That he may bend more easie.

Cleop. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain.

Exit with Char[mion] and Iras.

Alex. I fear so too;
Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her
bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!

Withdraws.

*Enter Lictors with fasces; one bearing the eagle; then
enter Antony with Ventidius, follow'd by other
Commanders.*

Antony. Octavius is the minion of blind
chance, 110
But holds from virtue nothing.

Ventidius. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from
coward.

O, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
 The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
 (As in Illyria once they say he did 115
 To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot chuse,
 When all the world have fixt their eyes upon
 him;

And then he lives on that for seven years after;
 But at a close revenge he never fails.

Ven. I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius. 120

What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so
 tame! —

He said, he had more wayes than one to dye;
 I had not.

Ven. Poor!

Ant. He has more wayes than one;
 But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Ven. He first would chuse an ague or a
 fever. 125

Ant. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
 He has not warmth enough to dye by that.

Ven. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. I, there's his choice.

He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
 And crawl upon the utmost verge of life; 130
 O Hercules! Why should a man like this,
 Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
 Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he lord
 it

O're fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Ven. You conquer'd for him; 135
Philippi knows it; there you shar'd with him
That empire which your sword made all your
own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my eagles wings
I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me. 140
Good Heav'ns, is this,— is this the man who
braves me?

Who bids my age make way, drives me before
him,

To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like
rubbish?

Ven. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted
all.

Ant. Then give the word to march; 145
I long to leave this prison of a town,
To joyn thy legions, and in open field
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter Alex[as].

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind, 150
But, in soft pity to th'opprest, a god:
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

Ven. Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand
prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars; 155
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already. 160

Ven. (aside). False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would
not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming
For her low fortune, and your ebbing love; 165
That were a wish for her more prosp'rous dayes,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kind-
ness.

Ant. (aside). Well, I must man it out:—
what would the queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors, who
attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame 170
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet),
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears,— the care of you.

Ven. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

164-165 *Too . . . love.* As one line, Qq.

Alex. You, when his matchless valor bears him
forward, 175

With ardor too heroick, on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of death:
Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him; 180
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wisht return, she will redeem

Gives jewels to the Commanders.

With all the wealth of Ægypt;
This to the great Ventidius she presents, 185
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Ven. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest poverty;
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see 190
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Ven. The wrong'd Octavia.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Ven. And he that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one; 195
Your slave the queen —

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress ;
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her
soul,

But that you had long since ; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts
(The emblems of her own), may bind your arme. 200

Presenting a bracelet.

Ven. Now, my best lord, in honor's name, I
ask you,

For manhood's sake and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poyson'd gifts,
Infected by the sender ; touch 'em not ;
Miriads of blewest plagues lye underneath 'em, 205
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius.

A lady's favors may be worn with honor.
What, to refuse her bracelet ! On my soul,
When I lye pensive in my tent alone, 210
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love, 215
When — And what harm's in this ?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

215 *love.* Period after this, Qq.

Ant. (*going to tie it*). We soldiers are so awkward — help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers, too, are awkward

In these affairs; so are all men indeed; 220
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Ven. Hell, death! this eunuch pandar ruins
you.

You will not see her?

Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.

Ant. But to take my leave. 225

Ven. Then I have wash'd an Æthiope. Y'are
undone;

Y'are in the toils; y'are taken; y'are destroy'd;
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither, 230
Born in the depths of Africk; I'm a Roman,
Bred in the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Ven. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an infant; 235

You are not proof against a smile or glance;

A sigh will quite disarm you.

230 *neither.* Period after this, Q1, Q2.

Ant. See, she comes !
Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank
you ;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end yet. ²⁴⁰

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleop. Is this a meeting?
Then we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleop. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleop. We make those fates our selves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em ; we have lov'd
each other

Into our mutual ruin.

Cleop. The gods have seen my joys with en- ²⁴⁵
vious eyes ;

I have no friends in Heav'n ; and all the world
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love ; ev'n you your self
Joyn with the rest ; you, you are arm'd against
me. ²⁵⁰

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lye
With any truth, reproach me freely with it ;
Else favor me with silence.

Cleop. You command me, 255
And I am dumb.

Ven. I like this well; he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone —

Cleop. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you
break it 260

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleop. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in
Ægypt,

Ere Cæsar saw your eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father in his throne, was for your sake; 265
I left th'acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in, and, with a greedy hand,
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival; 270
But I deserv'd you first, though he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleop. I clear'd my self —

Ant. Again you break your promise.

I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses, 275
Took you into my bosome, stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine; I went to Ægypt with you,

And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
 Shut out enquiring nations from my sight,
 To give whole years to you. 280

Ven. (aside). Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

Ant. How I lov'd,
 Witness, ye dayes and nights, and all [ye]
 hours,

That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
 As all your bus'ness were to count my passion!
 One day past by, and nothing saw but love; 285
 Another came, and still 'twas only love;
 The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
 And I untyr'd with loving.
 I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first, 290
 So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
 As she indeed had reason; rais'd a war
 In Italy, to call me back.

Ven. But yet
 You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay, 295
 The world fell mouldring from my hands each
 hour,
 And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your love
 for't).

282 *ye hours.* Qq, your hours; Sb corrects.

Ven. Well push'd : that last was home.

Cleop. Yet may I speak ?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falshood, yes ; else not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia dy'd 300
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd) ;
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cesar's sister ; in her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left
her. 305

You call'd ; my love obey'd the fatal summons ;
This rais'd the Roman arms ; the cause was
yours.

I would have fought by land, where I was
stronger ;

You hindred it ; yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting ; and (Oh stain to honor ! 310
Oh lasting shame !) I knew not that I fled ;
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haste she made to hoist her purple
sails !

And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd. 315
And would you multiply more ruins on me ?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwrack of my fortunes ;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits.

And you have watch'd the news, and bring your
eyes 320

To seize them too. If you have ought to an-
swer,

Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. (aside). She stands confounded ;
Despair is in her eyes.

Ven. Now lay a sigh i'th' way to stop his pass-
age :

Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions ; 325

'Tis like they shall be sold.

Gleop. How shall I plead my cause, when you,
my judge,

Already have condemn'd me ? Shall I bring

The love you bore me for my advocate ?

That now is turn'd against me, that destroys
me ; 330

For love, once past, is at the best forgotten ;

But oftner sours to hate ; 'twill please my lord

To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.

But could I once have thought it would have
pleas'd you,

That you would pry with narrow searching eyes 335

Into my faults, severe to my destruction,

And watching all advantages with care

That serve to make me wretched ? Speak, my
lord,

336 *destruction.* Period after this, Q1.

For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me, 340
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my
self,
And justify this breach.

Cleop. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Ven. After this, 345
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleop. You seem griev'd
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better;
I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd 350
My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'r had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord;
He first possess'd my person; you, my love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd Antony. 355
If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Ven. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true, 360

Has she not ruin'd you ? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleop. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd ; 'tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasie wife, 365
(Such Fulvia was.)

Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me ; —
And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert for worthless me ?
How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar, 370
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refus'd for you !

Ven. Words, words ; but Actium, sir ; re-
member Actium.

Cleop. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I
counsel'd
To fight at sea ; but I betray'd you not. 375
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear ;
Would I had been a man, not to have fear'd !
For none would then have envy'd me your friend-
ship,

Who envy me your love.

Ant. We're both unhappy ;
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us. 380
Speak ; would you have me perish by my stay ?

Cleop. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go ;

365 *wife.* Q3, will.

If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish —
'Tis a hard word — but stay.

Ven. See now th'effects of her so boasted love! 385
She strives to drag you down to ruine with her;
But could she scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleop. Then judge my love by this. (*Giving*
Antony a writing.) Could I have born — 390
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine, 395
And left me but the second place in murder. —
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Ægypt,
And joyns all Syria to it, as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And joyn her arms with his.

Cleop. And yet you leave me! 400
You leave me, Anthony; and yet I love you,
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a kingdom;
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with any thing,
But onely you. O, let me dye but with you! 405
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. (aside). He melts ; we conquer.

Cleop. No ; you shall go ; your int'rest calls
you hence ;

Yes ; your dear interest pulls too strong for
these

Weak armes to hold you here. — (*Takes his
hand.*) Go ; leave me, soldier 410

(For you're no more a lover) ; leave me dying ;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosome,
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, "She's
dead" :

The souldiers shout ; you then, perhaps, may
sigh, 415

And muster all your Roman gravity :
Ventidius chides ; and strait your brow cleares
up,

As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much ; too much for man
to bear !

Cleop. What is't for me then, 420
A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover ? —

Here let me breathe my last : envy me not
This minute in your armes : I'll dye apace,
As fast as ere I can, and end your trouble.

Ant. Dye ! Rather let me perish ; looss'nd
nature 425

Leap from its hinges. Sink the props of Heav'n.

And fall the skyes to crush the neather world!
My eyes, my soul, my all! *Embraces her.*

Ven. And what's this toy,
In ballance with your fortune, honor, fame?

Ant. What is't, Ventidius? — it out-weighs
'em all; 430

Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now:

My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.

This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!

"But, could she scape without me, with what
haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore, 435

And never look behind!"

Down on thy knees, blasphemers as thou art,

And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Ven. I'll rather dye than take it. Will you
go?

Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excel-
lent? 440

Faith, honor, virtue, all good things forbid

That I should go from her, who sets my love

Above the price of kingdoms! Give, you gods,

Give to your boy, your Cæsar,

This rattle of a globe to play withal, 445

This gu-gau world, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleop. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full
of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance
 Of love in publick; and the foolish world, 45
 Which knows not tenderness, will think me
 mad.

Ven. O women! women! women! all the
 gods

Have not such pow'r of doing good to man,
 As you of doing harm. *Exit.*

Ant. Our men are arm'd.

Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp; 455
 I would revenge the treachery he meant me;
 And long security makes conquest easie.

I'm eager to return before I go;
 For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
 On my remembrance; how I long for night! 460

That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
 And once triumph o're Cæsar [ere] we die.

Exeunt.

462 *once triumph.* Sb, triumph once. *ere.* Omitted in Q1.

ACT III.

At one door enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a train of Ægyptians: at the other, Antony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by musick; the trumpets first sounding on Antony's part: then answer'd by timbrels, &c., on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A dance of Ægyptians. After the ceremony, Cleopatra crowns Antony.

Antony. I thought how those white arms
would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So pleas'd with that sweet image, I sprung for-
wards,
And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleopatra. Come to me, come, my soldier, to
my arms! 5

You've been too long away from my embraces;
But when I have you fast and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss. 10

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleop. O my greater Mars!

. part. Q3, parts.

Ant. Thou jointst us well, my love !
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping gyants lay, cleft by my sword,
And mountain tops par'd off each other blow, 15
To bury those I slew ; receive me, goddess !
Let Cæsar spread his subtile nets like Vulcan ;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and earth at once,
And make their envy what they meant their
sport. 20

Let those who took us blush ; I would love on
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of love in thee :
Enjoy'd, thou still art new ; perpetual spring 25
Is in thy armes ; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place ;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alexas. O, now the danger's past, your general
comes !
He joyns not in your joys, nor minds your tri-
umphs ; 30
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me ; truly
loves me :

15 *par'd.* Sb, paired.

He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue : ev'n this minute, 35
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple ; I'll avoid his presence ;
It checks too strong upon me.

Exeunt the rest. As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.

Ventidius. Emperor!

Ant. (looking back). 'Tis the old argument ; I
pr'ythee, spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go 40

My robe ; or, by my father Hercules —

Ven. By Hercules his father, that's yet
greater,

I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd ; attend me
here,

And I'll return. *Exit.* 45

Ven. I'm waining in his favor, yet I love
him ;

I love this man, who runs to meet his ruine ;
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him ;
His virtues lye so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one, 50
And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can conquer,

You see, without your aid.
We have dislodg'd their troops ;
They look on us at distance, and, like curs
Scap'd from the lions paws, they bay far off. 55
And lick their wounds and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lye breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well ; and he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand
more.

Yet if by this advantage you could gain 60
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms —

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius !
The boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace ;
His malice is considerate in advantage.
O, he's the coolest murderer ! so stanch, 65
He kills and keeps his temper.

Ven. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him ?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's inter-
ests.

We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish. 70

Ven. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.

Ven. Expect no more ; Cæsar is on his guard :
I know, sir, you have conquer'd against odds ; 75
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Ægyptians ; he has all the world,
And at his back nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray, think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my self,
to search 80

For forreign aids ? — to hunt my memory,
And range all o're a waste and barren place,
To find a friend ? The wretched have no
friends.

Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women ; 85
He could resolve his mind as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Ven. Him would I see ; that man of all the
world ;

Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too ; 90

I was his soul ; he liv'd not but in me :
We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet : we were so mixt,
As meeting streams, both to our selves were
lost ; 95

We were one mass ; we could not give or take
But from the same ; for he was I, I he.

Ven. (*aside*). He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his name ; — 'twas Dollabella.

Ven. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where, 100
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight
Because I fear'd he lov'd her : he confest
He had a warmth, which for my sake he stifled ;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one, 105
Should not have lov'd the same. When he de-
parted,

He took no leave ; and that confirm'd my
thoughts.

Ven. It argues that he lov'd you more than
her,
Else he had staid ; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend ; I know he loves
you. 110

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Ven. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here !

Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you ?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent 115

A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Ven. I'll bring him instantly.

Exit Ventidius, [and] re-enters immediately with Dollabella.

Ant. 'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!
Runs to embrace him.

Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

Come, give me all my self! Let me not live, 120

If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,

Was ever half so fond.

Dollabella. I must be silent, for my soul is busie

About a nobler work: she's new come home,

Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er 125

Each room, a stranger to her own, to look

If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me;

For I am now so sunk from what I was,

Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.

The rivers that ran in and rais'd my fortunes 130

Are all dry'd up, or take another course:

What I have left is from my native spring;

I've still a heart that swells in scorn of fate,

And lifts me to my banks.

Dolla. Still you are lord of all the world to me. 135

120 *Let . . . live.* As separate line, Qq, Sb.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.

If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, oh my Dollabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am. 140
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs who forgot the sun
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard, 145
Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And at my least command all started out,
Like racers to the goal.

Dolla. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?

Ven. What you have made your self; I will not flatter. 150

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dolla. Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide;
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love; the queen has eyes, 155

141 *morning.* Sb, mourning.

And thou, too, hast a soul. Canst thou remember,
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her
first,

As accessory to thy brothers death?

Dolla. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty
day,

And still the blush hangs here.

Ant.

To clear her self, 160

For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.

Her gally down the silver Cydnos row'd;

The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold;

The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails;

Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were

plac'd,

165

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Dolla. No more; I would not hear it.

Ant.

Oh, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,

As if, secure of all beholders hearts,

170

Neglecting, she could take 'em: boys, like

Cupids,

Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds

That plaid about her face; but if she smil'd,

A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,

That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd, 175

But hung upon the object; to soft flutes

The silver oars kept time; and while they plaid,

The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight ;
And both to thought ; 'twas Heaven, or some
what more ;

For she so charm'd all hearts that gazing crowds 180
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dollabella, where was then thy soul ?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder ?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes, 185
And whisper in my ear, " Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her with my brothers death ? "

Dolla. And should my weakness be a plea for
yours ?

Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing
youth 190

Made it a debt to nature. Yours —

Ven. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you
forc'd,

When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then you constrain'd the
course, 195

And robb'd from nature, to supply desire ;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
But 'tis plain dotage.

198 *But 'tis.* Sb, 'Tis but.

Ant. Ha!

Dolla. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no legions; 200
I had no world to lose, no peoples love.

Ant. This from a friend?

Dolla. Yes, Anthony, a true one;
A friend so tender that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
O, judge me not less kind, because I chide! 205
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar?

Dolla. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dolla. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble? 210
Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet
he

Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honour
Divided from his int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For nature meant him for an usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms. 215

Ven. Then, granting this,
What pow'r was theirs, who wrought so hard a
temper
To honourable terms?

Ant. It was my Dollabella, or some god.

Dolla. Nor I, nor yet Mecænas, nor Agrippa : 220
They were your enemies ; and I, a friend
Too weak alone ; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done : show me
that man,
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour ;
Let me but see his face.

Ven. That task is mine, 225
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing.

Exit Ven [tidius].

Dolla. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd ?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind ; and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.

Dolla. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The queen, my Dolla-
bella ! 230

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever ?

Dolla. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars ! for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her,
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me ; 235
But she resisted all ; and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so ?

Dolla. Yes ; there's my reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading Antony's
two little daughters.*

Ant. Where? — Octavia there!

Starting back.

Ven. What, is she poyson to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings: 240
Are they all strangers to your eyes? Has nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dolla. For shame, my lord, if not for love,
receive 'em

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to
you. 245

Your arms should open, ev'n without your know-
ledge,

To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd, to think how they came
hither. 250

Ven. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, un-
known

To Cleopatra's guards.

Dolla. Yet are you cold?

Octavia. Thus long I have attended for my
welcome;

Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Octav. That's unkind. 255

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp :
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your
house,

In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours. 260

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should
offer,

But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride ;
I come to claim you as my own ; to show
My duty first ; to ask, nay beg, your kindness : 265
Your hand, my lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have
it. *Taking his hand.*

Ven. Do, take it ; thou deserv'st it.

Dolla. On my soul,

And so she does : she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too. 270

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my
life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my lord ?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress ;
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg ;
Nor could my brother grant. 275

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could
say,

“ Rise up, and be a king,” shall I fall down
And cry, “ Forgive me, Cæsar ” ? Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being ? No ; that word, 280
“ Forgive,” would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dolla. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you’ve all be-
tray’d me, —

My friend too ! — to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me with her prayers and
tears, 285

And now I must become her branded slave :
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave : if I but look awry,
She cries, “ I’ll tell my brother.”

Octav. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes. 290
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take ; I love your hon-
our,

Because ’tis mine ; it never shall be said,
Octavia’s husband was her brothers slave.
Sir, you are free ; free, ev’n from her you loath ; 295
For, tho’ my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,

I have a soul like yours ; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd ; 300
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall
march

To rule the East ; I may be dropt at Athens,
No matter where ; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble. 305

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen hon-
our !

Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dolla. O, she has toucht him in the tender'st
part ;

See how he reddens with despight and shame,
To be out-done in generosity ! 310

Ven. See how he winks ! how he dries up a
tear,

That fain would fall !

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must
praise

The greatness of your soul ;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd : 315
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love ;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens ; was't not so ?

Octav. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd

To one who loves me not ; who to her self 320
May call me thankless and ungrateful man : —
I'll not endure it ; no.

Ven. (aside). I am glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor Oc-
tavia's virtue ?

That pride was all I had to bear me up ; 325
That you might think you ow'd me for your
life,

And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

I have been injur'd, and my haughty soul

Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed .

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my lord, 330
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me ?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you — if
I could.

Dolla. Her souls too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves ; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause. 335

Ant. O Dollabella, which way shall I turn ?
I find a secret yielding in my soul ;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left ? Pity pleads for Octavia ;
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra ? 340

Ven. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia ;

For Cleopatra, neither.

One would be ruin'd with you ; but she first

Had ruin'd you ; the other, you have ruin'd,

And yet she would preserve you.

345

In every thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. O my distracted soul !

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it ! —

Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,

Methinks you should accept it. Look on these ;

Are they not yours ? Or stand they thus neg-

lected

350

As they are mine ? Go to him, children, go ;

Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to

him ;

For you may speak, and he may own you too,

Without a blush ; and so he cannot all

His children : go, I say, and pull him to me,

355

And pull him to your selves, from that bad

woman.

You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms ;

And you, Antonia, clasp about his waste :

If he will shake you off, if he will dash you

Against the pavement, you must bear it, children ;

360

For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

Here the children go to him, &c.

Ven. Was ever sight so moving ? — Emperor !

Dolla. Friend !

Octav. Husband !

Both Children. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd; take me,
Octavia; take me, children; share me all.

Embracing them.

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves, 365
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour!

Della. O happy change!

I'en. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two chanel's here for one,
And bubbles out above. 370

Ant. (*to Octav[ia]*). This is thy triumph; lead
me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alexas. The queen, my mistress, sir, and
yours—

Ant. 'Tis past.—
Octavia, you shall stay this night; to-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one. 375

*Ex[ist] leading Octavia; Dol[labella] and
the children follow.*

I'en. There's news for you; run, my officious
eunuch,

373-374 'Tis . . . to-morrow. As one line, Qq.
376 my . . . eunuch. As separate line, Qq.

Be sure to be the first ; haste forward :
 Haste, my dear eunuch, haste. *venalicious. Exit.*

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-
 scull'd hero,

This blunt, unthinking instrument of death, 380
 With plain dull virtue has out-gone my wit.
 Pleasure forsook my early'st infancy ;
 The luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the promise of a man ;
 Cast out from nature, disinherited 385
 Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
 Yet greatness kept me from contempt ; that's
 gone.

Had Cleopatra follow'd my advice,
 Then he had been betray'd who now forsakes.
 She dies for love ; but she has known its joys : 390
 Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
 Must die because she loves ?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, [and] train.

Oh madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes !
 Octavia's here !

Cleop. Peace with that raven's note.
 I know it too ; and now am in 395
 The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a queen ;
 Egypt is lost.

Cleop. What tell'st thou me of Egypt ?
 My life, my soul is lost ! Octavia has him !

O fatal name to Cleopatra's love !
My kisses, my embraces, now are hers ; 400
While I — But thou hast seen my rival ; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing ? Is she fair ?
Bright as a goddess ? And is all perfection
Confin'd to her ? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter which, when she was fin-
ish'd, 405

The gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very miracle.

Cleop. Death to my hopes, a miracle!

Alex. (bawling). A miracle;

I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonders cease.

Cleop. I was too rash : 410

Take this in part of recompence. But, oh!

Giving a ring.

I fear thou flatter'st me.

Charmion. She comes ! she's here !

Iras. Flie, madam, Cæsar's sister!

Cleop. Were she the sister of the thund'rer
Jove,

And bore her brothers lightning in her eyes, 415
Thus would I face my rival.

Meets Octav[ia] with Ventid[ius]. Octav[ia] bears up to her. Their trains come up on either side.

Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage —

Cleop. Shows I am a queen;
Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A Roman;
A name that makes and can unmake a queen. 420

Cleop. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a
Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman till he lost that name
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleop. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that household-clog, 425
He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easie : you have long been prac-
tis'd

In that lascivious art : he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares : let Cæsar
witness.

Cleop. I lov'd not Cæsar; 'twas but gratitude 430
I paid his love; the worst your malice can
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above
him.

In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Octav. (coming up close to her). I would view
nearer 435
That face which has so long usurp'd my right,

To find th'inevitable charms that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear lord.

Cleop. O, you do well to search ; for had you
known

But half these charms, you had not lost his
heart. 440

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a Roman
lady,

Far from a modest wife ! Shame of our sex,
Dost thou not blush to own those blackendear-
ments,

That make sin pleasing ?

Cleop. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent Heav'n 445
Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank 'em ? Should I be ashamed,
And not be proud ? I am, that he has lov'd me ;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this
face

For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well. 450

Cleop. I love him better, and deserve him
more.

Octav. You do not ; cannot ; you have been his
ruine.

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra ?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but Cleopatra ?
At Actium who betray'd him ? Cleopatra. 455

Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? Only Cleopatra.

Cleop. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.

If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious title of a wife, 460
To guild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it; the world contemns poor me.
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stain'd the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress. 465
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so, then; take thy wish.

Exit cum suis.

Cleop. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances 470
And swims before me in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rivals scorn;
But now she's gone, they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel 475
To ruine her who else must ruine you.

Cleop. Vain promiser!

457 *Cleopatra.* Mark of interrogation after this, Q1.

462 *contemns.* Sb, condemns

Lead me, my Charmion ; nay, your hand too,
Iras.

My grief has weight enough to sink you both.

Conduct me to some solitary chamber,

And draw the curtains round ;

480

Then leave me to my self, to take alone

My fill of grief :

There I till death will his unkindness weep ;

As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

[*Enter*] *Antony* [*and*] *Dollabella*.

Dollabella. Why would you shift it from your
self on me ?

Can you not tell her you must part ?

Antony.

I cannot.

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh *Dollabella*,
How many deaths are in this word, "Depart"! 5
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost agen.

Dolla. Then let *Ventidius* ;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly ; 10
He'll kill her with the news ; thou, only thou.

Dolla. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure
Of some sad lovers death, moistens my eyes
And robs me of my manhood. I should speak 15
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore, — therefore
Thou only, thou art fit ; think thy self me ;

And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound, 20
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin ; wilt thou do this ?

Dolla. What you have said so sinks into my
soul,

That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task ; fare-
wel. 25

I sent her word to meet you. (*Goes to the door,*
and comes back.) I forgot ;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine :
Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with Cæsar. — O, be sure
To think on that.

Dolla. Fear not, I will remember. 30

Antony goes again to the door, and comes back.

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was con-
strain'd ;

I did not this but with extreamest force ;

Desire her not to hate my memory,

For I still cherish hers ; — insist on that.

Dolla. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. 35

Goes out, and returns again.

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more ?

Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love,

The news would break my heart.)—Now I must
go;

For every time I have return'd, I feel 40
My soul more tender; and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruine both. *Exit.*

Dolla. Men are but children of a larger
growth;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain; 45
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busie and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the worlds open view; thus I discover'd, 50
And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Ventidius. Alone? and talking to himself? concern'd too?

Perhaps my gness is right; he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dolla. O friendship! friendship! 55
Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:
Unfaithful in th'attempt; hopeless to win;
And if I win, undone: meer madness all.
And yet th'occasion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe which he throws
by! 60

Ven. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruine her yet more with Antony.

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion [and]
Iras on the other side.*

Dolla. She comes ! What charms have sorrow
on that face !
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much
sweetness ;

Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile 65
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moments day.

Ven. If she should love him too ! Her eunuch
there ?
That porcpisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw
nearer,
Sweet devil, that I may hear.

Alexas. Believe me ; try 70
*Dollabella goes over to Charmion and Iras ;
seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous ; jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in
doubt ;
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and
show it.

Cleopatra. I grant you, jealousy's a proof of
love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing med'cine ; 75

It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this Dollabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsom, valiant, young, 80
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait
To catch weak womens eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you; the least kind word or glance
You give this youth will kindle him with love: 85
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleop. Can I do this? Ah, no; my love's so true
That I can neither hide it where it is, 90
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,
Fond without art and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
[Has] thrust me out to the wide world, un-
furnish'd 95
Of falshood to be happy.

Alex. Force your self.
Th'event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleop. I must attempt it;

95 *Has.* Qq, hast.

But oh, with what regret ! 100

Exit Alex[as]. (She comes up to Dollabella.)

Ven. So, now the scene draws near ; they're
in my reach.

Cleop. (to Dolla.). Discoursing with my wo-
men ! Might not I

Share in your entertainment ?

Charmion. You have been

The subject of it, madam.

Cleop. How, and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleop. Meer poetry. 105

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Citheris and Delia.

Dolla. Those Roman wits have never been in
Egypt ;

Citheris and Delia else had been unsung :

I, who have seen — had I been born a poet, 110
Should chuse a nobler name.

Cleop. You flatter me.

But 'tis your nation's vice ; all of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like
you.

I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

Dolla. No, madam ; yet he sent me —

Cleop. Well, he sent you — 115

Dolla. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleop. How less pleasing ?

Less to your self, or me ?

Dolla. Madam, to both ;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause
it.

Cleop. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand
at distance. —

(*Aside.*) Hold up, my spirits. — Well, now your
mournful matter ; 120

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can gness it too.

Dolla. I wish you would ; for 'tis a thankless
office,

To tell ill news ; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleop. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should. 125

Ven. Most delicate advances ! Woman !
woman !

Dear, damn'd, inconstant sex !

Cleop. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken ; is't not so ?

Dolla. I wish I could not answer to that
question.

Cleop. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles
you : 130

I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom — Farewel,
Egypt !

Yet is there any more ?

Dolla. Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your
reason.

Cleop. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear
fortune: 135

And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poysons are by poysons.

Dolla. You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately born;
You've heard the worst; all are not false like
him. 140

Cleop. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dolla. Some men are constant.

Cleop. And constancy deserves reward, that's
certain.

Dolla. Deserves it not; but give it leave to
hope.

Ven. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have
enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. 145
Exit.

Dolla. I came prepar'd
To tell you heavy news, news which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks
to hear;
But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easie; and my tongue, 150
Which on anothers message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleop. Hold, Dollabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?
Or sought you this employment?

Dolla. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-
friend, 155
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleop. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollifie that rugged word, "Depart."

Dolla. Oh, you mistake; he chose the harshest
words;

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows, 160
He coyn'd his face in the severest stamp;
And fury shook his fabrick, like an earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce humane — "Hence, away for
ever;

Let her begone, the blot of my renown, 165
And bane of all my hopes!

*All the time of this speech, Cleop[atra] seems
more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite
down.*

Let her be driv'n as far as men can think
From mans commerce! she'll poyson to the
center."

Cleop. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dolla. Help, help! — Oh wretch! O cursed,
cursed wretch! 170

What have I done!

Char. Help, chafe her temples, Iras.

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again.

Cleop. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd
being,

Th'abode of falshood, violated vows, 175

And injur'd love? For pity, let me go;

For if there be a place of long repose,

I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord

Can never break that quiet, nor awake

The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb 180

Such words as fright her hence. — Unkind, un-
kind!

Della. (kneeling). Believe me; 'tis against my
self I speak;

That sure desires belief; I injur'd him:

My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you
seen

How often he came back, and every time 185

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear farewells;

How almost vanquisht by his love he parted,

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left!

I, traitor as I was, for love of you 190

(But what can you not do, who made me false?)

I forg'd that lye; for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-pur

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Cleop. With how much ease believe we what
we wish !

Rise, Dollabella ; if you have been guilty, 195
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.

Th'advance of kindness, which I made, was
feign'd,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy ;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose, 200
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dolla. I find your breast fenc'd round from
humane reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal ;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My friend, my
friend !

What endless treasure hast thou thrown away ; 205
And scatter'd, like an infant, in the ocean,
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather
thence !

Cleop. Could you not beg
An hours admittance to his private ear ?
Like one who wanders through long barren
wilds 210

And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill
Before his painful march ;
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes .

212-213 *eats . . . march.* As one line, Qq.

Before we part; for I have far to go, 215
If death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius with Octavia, behind.

Ven. From hence you may discover — Oh,
sweet, sweet!

Would you indeed? the pretty hand in earnest?

Dolla. I will, for this reward. — (*Takes her
hand.*) Draw it not back.

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Ven. They turn upon us. 220

Octavia. What quick eyes has guilt!

Ven. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dolla. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Ven. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman. 225

Dolla. Know you his bus'ness?

Ven. Giving him instructions,

And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dolla. Well,

He must be found.

Exeunt Dol[abella] and Cleop[atra].

Octav. Most glorious impudence!

Ven. She look'd, methought,

As she would say, "Take your old man, Octavia; 230
Thank you, I'm better here." Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

Octav.

Let it die.

Ven. I pity Dollabella; but she's dangerous;
Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from Heav'n; for eloquence,²³⁵
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their
flatt'ry;

And while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear; then she's so charm-
ing,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles; ²⁴⁰
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes; even I, who hate
her,

With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. Anthony
Must needs have some remains of passion still, ²⁴⁵
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd; but for a further
purpose *Walks off.*

I'll prove how he will relish this discovery. ²⁵⁰
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my
heart:

It must not, sha' not be.

Ven.

His guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love;
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n 255
My last instructions.

Octav. Mine, my lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius. *Drawing him aside.*

Ven. My lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dollabella?

Ven. Now, my lord,

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly. — 'Twas by my command
he went, 260

To bear my last farewell.

Ven. (aloud). It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly. — My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of "My farewell"? He did it by my order.

Ven. (aloud). Then he obey'd your order. I
suppose 265

You bid him do it with all gentleness,

All kindness, and all — love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken creature!

Ven. She took it as she ought; she bore your
parting

As she did Cæsar's, as she would anothers, 270
Were a new love to come.

Ant. (aloud). Thou dost belye her;
Most basely and maliciously belye her.

Ven. I thought not to displease you; I have
done.

Octav. (coming up). You seem disturb'd, my
lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

Ven. It was indeed a trifle. 275

He sent —

Ant. (angrily). No more. Look how thou dis-
obey'st me;

Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Ven. (to Octav [ia]). 'Tisless; a very nothing;
you too saw it,

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Ven. Yes; she saw young Dolla-
bella — 280

Ant. Young Dollabella!

Ven. Young, I think him young,
And handsom too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd; 285
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous kisses;

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd
again ;

At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on
his ;

290

At which he whisper'd kisses back on hers ;
And then she cry'd aloud that constancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it whom you heard
and saw

So playful with my friend ?

295

Not Cleopatra ?

Ven. Even she, my lord.

Ant. My Cleopatra ?

Ven. Your Cleopatra ;

Dollabella's Cleopatra ; every man's Cleopatra.

Ant. "Thou ly'st.

Ven. I do not lye, my lord.

Is this so strange ? Should mistresses be left, 300

And not provide against a time of change ?

You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.

You needed not have gone this way, Octavia. 305

What harms it you that Cleopatra's just ?

She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive :

Urge it no farther, love.

298 every . . . Cleopatra. As separate line, Qq.

Octav. Are you concern'd,
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, tho 'tis past, I would not that the world 310
Should tax my former choice, that I lov'd one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Ven. What has my age deserv'd that you
should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Though Heav'n and earth 315
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From Hell, to prove her so. — Nay, go not back,
Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Ven. To make you do what most you hate,
— speak truth. 320

You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as Chaldeans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through, what day. 325

Alex. My noble lord!

Ven. My most illustrious pandar,
~~My~~ No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,

But a plain home-spun truth, is what I ask ;
I did, my self, o'erhear your queen make love
To Dollabella. Speak ; for I will know 330
By your confession what more past betwixt 'em ;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employ-
ment ;

And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, Alexas ; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not ; justifie 335
Thy injur'd queen from malice ; dare his worst.

Octav. (aside). See how he gives him cour-
age ! how he fears

To find her false ! and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled !

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's
frailty, 340

Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand even excus'd to you for loving him
Who is your lord ; so far, from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report. 345

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken : mark, Ven-
tidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong
passion

Stands not excus'd, but wholly justifi'd.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows 350

Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid
 The scepters of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
 To choose where she would reign;
 She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
 And of all Romans only Antony; 355
 And to be less than wife to you, disdain'd
 Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet, tho love, and your unmatched
 desert,

Have drawn her from the due regard of honor,
 At last Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes 360
 To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
 Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurpt;
 The sad effects of this improsperous war
 Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Ven. (aside). O, wheel you there?
 Observe him now; the man begins to mend, 365
 And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch;
 The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his ears
 With what the last necessity has urg'd
 On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not 370
 Presume to say, her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life; I charge thee
 dare not
 Pronounce that fatal word!

355 *Romans.* Q3, Roman.

362 *lawlessly.* Q2, Q3, lawfully.

Octav. (aside). Must I bear this? Good
Heav'n, afford me patience.

Ven. On, sweet eunuch; my dear half man,
proceed. 375

Alex. Yet Dollabella,
Has loved her long; he, next my god-like lord, *Antony.*
Deserves her best; and should she meet his pas-
sion,

Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd —

Ant. Hence from my sight! for I can bear no
more; 380

Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;
Then joyn thou too, and help to torture her!

Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.

Octav. 'Tis not well, 385
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extream concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me; I am much disorder'd;
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me. 390

Ven. Obey him, madam; best withdraw a
while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra? 395
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falshood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia; I am prest with sorrows 400
Too heavy to be born; and you add more;
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn,
In private, for your love, who has betray'd you.
You did but half return to me; your kindness 405
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of love to me!

Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turn'd a Dollabella too, 410
And let this Fury loose?

Ven. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My lord, my lord, love will not always last, 415
When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain:

Take her again whom you prefer to me ;
 She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man !
 Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
 Which a feign'd love first got ; for injur'd me, 420
 Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
 My duty shall be yours.

To the dear pledges of our former love
 My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
 And they shall cheer, by turns, my widow'd
 nights ;

So take my last farewell ; for I despair

To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

Exit.

Ven. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best
 designs :

My last attempt must be to win her back ;

But oh ! I fear in vain.

Exit. 430

~~raw~~ *Ant.* Why was I fram'd with this plain, honest
 heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weak-
 ness,

But bears its workings outward to the world ?

I should have kept the mighty anguish in,

And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falshood ; 435

Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.

But I am made a shallow-forded stream,

Seen to the bottom : all my clearness scorn'd,

And all my faults exposed. — See where he comes,

Enter Dollabella.

Who has prophan'd the sacred name of friend,⁴⁴⁰
And worn it into vileness!

With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He guilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heav'n mismatch'd
it,

And furnish'd treason out with natures pomp, ⁴⁴⁵
To make its work more easie.

Dolla. O my friend!

Ant. Well, Dollabella, you perform'd my
message?

Dolla. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wisht it.

Dolla. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.⁴⁵⁰

And she receiv'd my message with as true,
With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it?

Dolla. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, Dollabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I ⁴⁵⁵
Forsake this beauty, this all-perfect creature?

Dolla. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Perswaded me; how come you alter'd since?

Della. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her sighs and see her tears, 460
But pity must prevail; and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd,
That she should take her last farewell; and, see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False Dollabella!

Della. What's false, my lord?

Ant. Why, Dollabella's false, 465
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you
serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd
Till I am stung to death.

Della. My lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleop. Can Heav'n prepare 470
A newer torment? Can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater; Heav'n should be ingen-
ious

In punishing such crimes. The rowling stone
And gnawing vulture were slight pains, invented 475
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods

To find an equal torture. Two, two such! —
Oh, there's no farther name, — two such! to me, 480
To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you; a friend and mistress 485
Was what the world could give. Oh Cleopatra!
Oh Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
Secure of injur'd faith?

Dolla. If she has wrong'd you, 490
Heav'n, Hell, and you revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me,
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

Dolla. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost
not love her.

Dolla. No more than friendship will allow.

Ant. No more? 495
Friendship allows thee nothing; thou art per-
jur'd —
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her
not;

491 *she wrong'd.* Sb, she has wronged.

497 *lov'dst.* Sb, lov'st.

But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her, thou dost not love,
Nor own to me, thou dost ! Ventidius heard it ; 500
Octavia saw it.

Cleop. They are enemies.

Ant. Alexas is not so : he, he confest it ;
He who next Hell best knew it, he avow'd it.
(*To Della.*) Why do I seek a proof beyond your-
self?

You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell, 505
Return'd to plead her stay.

Della. What shall I answer ?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd ;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness, 510
Let not her suffer ; she is innocent.

Cleop. Ah, what will not a woman do, who
loves ?

What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
Where all her joys are plac'd ? 'Twas I en-
courag'd,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his soul, 515
To make you jealous, and by that regain you.
But all in vain ; I could not counterfeit :
In spite of all the damms my love broke o'er,
And drown'd my heart again ; fate took th'occa-
sion ;

And thus one minutes feigning has destroy'd 525
My whole life's truth.

Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falshood;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dolla. Forgive your mistress.

Cleop. Forgive your friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd your selves;
You plead each others cause; what witness have
you,

That you but meant to raise my jealousy? 525

Cleop. Our selves, and Heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love
and friendship!

You have no longer place in humane breasts,
These two have driv'n you out. Avoid my
sight;

I would not kill the man whom I have lov'd, 530

And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me;

I do not know how long I can be tame;

For if I stay one minute more to think

How I am wrong'd, my justice and revenge

Will cry so loud within me, that my pity 535

Will not be heard for either.

Dolla. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring man; sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite, 540

And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
A foe; but not a mistress and a friend.
Treason is there in its most horrid shape
Where trust is greatest, and the soul resign'd 545
Is stabb'd by its own guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight for ever!

Cleop. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys, are center'd here: 550
What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?
That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless, banish'd woman,
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you? 555
I, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me; hear me,
With strictest justice; for I beg no favour;
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
I have a fool within me takes your part; 560
But honour stops my ears.

Cleop. For pity hear me!
Wou'd you cast off a slave who follow'd you?
Who crouch'd beneath your spurn? — He has
no pity!

See if he gives one tear to my departure ;
One look, one kind farewell ; Oh iron heart ! 565
Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us
If he did ever love !

Ant. No more ; Alexas !

Dolla. A perjur'd villain !

Ant. (to Cleop.) Your Alexas ; yours.

Cleop. O, 'twas his plot ; his ruinous design,
T'engage you in my love by jealousy. 570
Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.

Ant. I have ; I have.

Cleop. And if he clear me not —

Ant. Your creature ! one who hangs upon your
smiles !

Watches your eye, to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please ! I am not to be mov'd. 575

Cleop. Then must we part ? Farewel, my cruel
lord !

Th'appearance is against me ; and I go,
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd, you know ; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know my self : 580
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most ; so well, so truly
I'll never strive against it ; but die pleas'd,
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting ! 585
Must I weep too ? that calls 'em innocent.

I must not weep ; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive.—
Live, but live wretched ; 'tis but just you shou'd,
Who made me so ; live from each others sight ; 590
Let me not hear you meet ; set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves ;
View nothing common but the sun and skys ;
Now, all take several ways ;
And each your own sad fate, with mine, de-
plore ; 595
That you were false, and I could trust no
more. *Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

[*Enter*] *Cleopatra*, *Charmion*, [*and*] *Iras*.

Charmion. Be juster, Heav'n; such virtue punish'd thus,

Will make us think that chance rules all above,
And shuffles with a random hand the lots
Which man is forc'd to draw.

Cleopatra. I cou'd tear out these eyes, that
gain'd his heart

5

And had not pow'r to keep it. O the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith! — I'll die; I will not bear it. 10
You may hold me —

She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.

But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choak this love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O Alexas, help!

The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles
in her

With all the agonies of love and rage, 15
And strives to force its passage.

Cleop. Let me go.

Art thou there, traitor! — O,
 O for a little breath, to vent my rage,
 Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alexas. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd
 truth.

20

Was it for me to prop
 The ruins of a falling majesty?
 To place my self beneath the mighty flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into atomes,
 By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presum-
 ing

25

For subjects to preserve that wilful pow'r
 Which courts its own destruction.

Cleop. I wou'd reason

More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule
 And force my plain, direct, and open love
 Into these crooked paths of jealousy?

30

Now, what's th'event? Octavia is remov'd;
 But Cleopatra's banish'd. Thou, thou, villain,
 [Hast] push'd my boat to open sea, to prove,
 At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.

It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd;
 Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil! —

35

I can no more; thou, and my griefs, have sunk
 Me down so low that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd seaman near
 the shore,

33 *Hast.* Qq, Has.

39 *some.* Q2, Q3, from. *seaman.* Sb, seamen.

Dropping and faint with climbing up the cliff; 40
If from above some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself,
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back,
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gain'd the
heighth. 45

Cleop. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. Octavia's gone, and Dollabella banish'd.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert; 50
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man ('tis so advanc'd),
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my self) have left 55
So easie to his hand.

Cleop. Look well thou do't; else—

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—
Antony

Is mounted up the Pharos; from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian gallies,
Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet. Now death or con-
quest! 60

If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

A distant shout within.

Char. Have comfort, madam; did you mark
that shout? *Second shout nearer.*

Iras. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port.
The loudness shows it near; good news, kind
heavens! 65

Cleop. Osiris make it so!

Enter Serapion.

Serapion. Where, where's the queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy coward stares
As if not yet recover'd of th'assault,
When all his gods, and, what's more dear to
him,

His offerings, were at stake.

Serap.

O horror, horror! 70

Egypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss;
Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleop.

Be more plain: 75

Say, whence thou com'st (though fate is in thy
face,

Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st).

Serap.

I came from Pharos;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our lands last hope, your navy —

Cleop.

Vanquish'd ?

Serap.

No ; 80

They fought not.

Cleop.

Then they fled.

Serap.

Nor that. I saw,

With Antony, your well-appointed fleet

Row out ; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,

And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back ;

'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strum-

pet,

85

About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,

With a dissembled smile wou'd kiss at parting,

And flatter to the last ; the well-tim'd oars,

Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run

To meet the foe ; and soon indeed they met, 90

But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps

On either side thrown up ; th'Egyptian gallies,

(Receiv'd like friends) past through, and fell be-

hind

The Roman rear ; and now, they all come for-

ward,

And ride within the port.

Cleop.

Enough, Serapion ; 95

I've heard my doom. — This needed not, you

gods :

When I lost Antony, your work was done ;

'Tis but superfluous malice. — Where's my lord ?

How bears he this last blow ?

Serap. His fury cannot be express'd by words : 100
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fal'n
Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cæsar's galley ;
With-held, he raves on you ; cries he's betray'd.
Should he now find you —

Alex. Shun him ; seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleop. I'll stay. 105

Alex. You must not ; haste you to your monu-
ment,

While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleop. Cæsar ! No,
I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleop. Base fawning wretch ! wouldst thou
betray him too ? 110

Hence from my sight ! I will not hear a traytor ;
'Twas thy design brought all this ruine on us ;
Serapion, thou art honest ; counsel me ;
But haste, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire ; you must not yet see Antony. 115
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger ; let him clear
you ;

And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,

Let him expose that fawning eloquence, 120
And speak to Antony.

Alex. O heavens! I dare not;
I meet my certain death.

Cleop. Slave, thou deserv'st it.—
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my
life; 125

But I'll be justifi'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleop. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if
thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wou'dst save;
While mine I prize at—this! Come, good
Serapion. 130

*Exeunt Cleo[patra], Serap[ion], Char-
[mion and] Iras.*

my life *Alex.* O that I less cou'd fear to lose this
being,

Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee, 135
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say to save my self from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Ant. (within). Which way? where?

Ven. (within). This leads to th' monument. 140

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unpre-
par'd;

My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence. *Exit.* 145

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Antony. O happy Cæsar! thou hast men to
lead:

Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony;
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Ventidius. Curse on this treach'rous train!
Their soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with base-
ness, 150

And their young souls come tainted to the world
With the first breath they draw.

Ant. Th'original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,
Ap'd into man; with all his mother's mud 155
Crusted about his soul.

Ven. The nation is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from valor? 160
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?

The least unmortgag'd hope ? for, if there be,
 Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
 Of such a boy as Cæsar.
 The world's one half is yet in Antony ; 165
 And from each limb of it that's hew'd away,
 The soul comes back to me.

Ven. There yet remain
 Three legions in the town. The last assault
 Lopt off the rest ; if death be your design
 (As I must wish it now), these are sufficient 170
 To make a heap about us of dead foes,
 An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.
 We'll not divide our stars ; but, side by side,
 Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
 Survey each other's acts ; so every death 175
 Thou giv'st, I'll take on me as a just debt,
 And pay thee back a soul.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you. Not a
 word
 Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
 I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate, 180
 That I would not be Cæsar, to out-live you.
 When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
 I shall be shown to all th'etherial crowd, —
 "Lo, this is he who dy'd with Antony !"

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through 185
 all their troops,

And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the
tempting,
T'o'erleap this gulph of fate,
And leave our wond'ring destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Ven. See, see, that villain!
See Cleopatra stamp't upon that face, 190
With all her cunning, all her arts of falshood!
How she looks out through those dissembling
eyes!
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises a lye before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first. *Drawing.*

Alex. O spare me, spare me! 195

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. — On
thy life
(Which thou mayst keep, because I scorn to
take it),
No syllable to justifie thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more 200
By love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!

Going to kill him.

Alex. O hold! she is not fled.

188 *wond'ring*. Q2, Q3, wand'ring; Sb, wandering.

Ant. She is : my eyes
 Are open to her falshood ; my whole life
 Has been a golden dream of love and friendship ; 205
 But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rows'd
 From soft repose to see his vessel sinking,
 And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman !
 Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,
 Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams, 210
 Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake ;
 But now my winter comes, she spreads her
 wings,
 And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so :
 Her fortunes have in all things mixt with yours.
 Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome, 215
 How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
 Secure by such a bribe !

Ven. She sent it first,
 To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain ;
 Else wou'd she have appeared, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has : she could not bear 220
 To be accus'd by you ; but shut her self
 Within her monument ; look'd down and sigh'd ;
 While from her unchang'd face the silent tears
 Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their part-
 ing.

208 o'er. Sb, over.

Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd ; 221
At last, she rais'd her eyes ; and, with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast —

Ant. My heart forbodes—

Ven. All for the best ; go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her ponyard,
And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast ; then turn'd to me ; 230
“Go, bear my lord (said she) my last farewell ;
And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith.”
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last
breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Ven. Heav'n be prais'd ! 235

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear
love ?

And art thou dead ?

O those two words ! their sound shou'd be di-
vided ;

Hadst thou been false, and dy'd ; or hadst thou
liv'd,

And hadst been true — But innocence and death ! 240

This shows not well above. Then what am I,

The murderer of this truth, this innocence !

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so
horrid

As can express my guilt !

Ven. Is't come to this? The gods have been
too gracious; 245
And thus you thank 'em for't!

Ant. (to Alex.) Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform. 250

Alex. (aside). He loves her still;
His grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the reconciliation. *Fate.*
I've sav'd my self, and her. But, oh! the Ro- *me*
mans!

Fate comes too fast upon my wit, 255
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each
turn double. *Exit.*

Ven. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner, tho,
Before Octavia went! you might have treated;
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be re-
ceiv'd.

Come, rouze your self, and lets die warm to-
gether. 260

Ant. I will not fight; there's no more work
for war.

The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Ven. Cæsar is at your gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcom now.

Ven. What lethargy has crept into your soul? 265

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free my self from bondage.

Ven. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!

What shou'd I fight for now? My queen is
dead.

I was but great for her; my pow'r, my empire, 270
Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
And conquer'd kings, my factors. Now she's
dead,

Let Cæsar take the world, —

An empty circle, since the jewel's gone

Which made it worth my strife: my being's
nauseous; 275

For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Ven. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;

But, as a Roman ought, — dead, my Ventidius;

For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,

And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the world 280

Shou'd have a lord, and know whom to obey.

We two have kept its homage in suspense,

And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,

Till it was dinted inwards; let him walk

Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part. 285

My torch is out; and the world stands before me,

Like a black desert at th'approach of night;
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Ven. I cou'd be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you : choose your death ; 290
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take ; I'm only troubled,
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I cou'd wish, indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace ; 295
That, like two lyons taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and
wound

The hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.

Ven. I must not, sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good
of me ? 300

To stand by my fair fame, and guard th'ap-
proaches

From the ill tongues of men ?

Ven. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you ?

Ant. Say I command it.

Ven. If we die well, our deaths will speak
themselves

And need no living witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me, 305
 And fain I wou'd reward thee ; I must die ;
 Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
 To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Ven. Thank your kindness.
 You said I lov'd you ; and in recompence,
 You bid me turn a traitor ; did I think 310
 You wou'd have us'd me thus ? — that I shou'd
 die

With a hard thought of you ?

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.
 Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
 My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
 But lets my thoughts break all at random out. 315
 I've thought better ; do not deny me twice.

Ven. By Heav'n I will not.
 Let it not be t'outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,
 And then die thou ; for 'tis but just thou serve
 Thy friend before thy self.

Ven. Give me your hand. 320
 We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, em-
 peror ! — *Embrace.*

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last ;
 Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell,
 friend !

That's all. —

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle ; 325
 And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you ;
 Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do : strike ^{whole.} home, be sure.

Ven. Home as my sword will reach.

Kills himself.

Ant. O, thou mistak'st ;
 That wound was not of thine ; give it me back :
 Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. I do indeed ; 330
 But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
 If that may plead my pardon. — And you, gods,
 Forgive me, if you will ; for I die perjur'd,
 Rather than kill my friend. *Dies.*

Ant. Farewel ! Ever my leader, ev'n in death ! 335
 My queen and thou have got the start of me,
 And I'm the lag of honour. — Gone so soon ?
 Is Death no more ? He us'd him carelessly,
 With a familiar kindness ; ere he knock'd,
 Ran to the door, and took him in his arms, 340
 As who shou'd say, " Y'are welcome at all hours ;
 A friend need give no warning." Books had
 spoil'd him ;
 For all the learn'd are cowards by profession.
 'Tis not worth
 My farther thought ; for death, for ought I
 know, 345

Is but to think no more. Here's to the satisfi'd.

Falls on his sword.

I've mist my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'dst have err'd in a worse time.
My fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great man, takes state, and makes me
wait

350

For my admittance.—(*Trampling within.*) Some,
perhaps, from Cæsar:
If he should find me living, and suspect
That I plaid booty with my life! I'll mend
My work ere they can reach me.

Rises upon his knees.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, [and] Iras.

Cleop. Where is my lord? where is he?

Char. There he lies, 355

And dead Ventidius by him.

Cleop. My fears were prophets; I am come
too late.

O that accurs'd Alexas! *Runs to him.*

Ant. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost that meets me?

Cleop. Help me seat him. 360

Send quickly, send for help!

They place him in a chair.

Ant. I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra;

I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.

Cleop. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a man 365
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur;
So I come back for thee.

Cleop. Too long, you heav'ns, you have been
cruel to me: 370
Now show your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!

Ant. It will not be, my love;
I keep my soul by force.
Say but, thou art not false.

Cleop. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you. 375
Unknown to me, Alexas feign'd my death;
Which when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And Dollabella —

Cleop. Scarce
Esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now. 380

Ant. Enough: my life's not long enough for
more.

370 *you heavens.* Sb, ye heavens.

379 *Scarce.* As part of next line, Qq.

Thou sayst thou wilt come after; I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou sayst,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleop.

I will come:

Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too: 385
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stayst,
My last disastrous times;
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm, 390
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th'utmost joys, — what ages have we liv'd!
And now to die each others; and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below, 395
Whole troops of lovers ghosts shall flock about
us,

And all the train be ours.

Cleop. Your words are like the notes of dying
swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love? 400

Ant. No, not a minute. — This one kiss —
more worth

Than all I leave to Cæsar.

Dies.

Cleop. O tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word.
My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being; 405

Sign to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One look! Do anything that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
The leavings of a soul.

Char. Remember, madam, 410
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleop. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a Roman, not to know
What should become his wife; his wife, my
Charmion;

For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia 415
Survive, to mourn him dead; my nobler fate
Shall knit our ^{love.} ~~spousals~~ with a tie too strong
For Roman laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleop. Why shou'dst thou make that ques-
tion?

Iras. Cæsar is merciful.

Cleop. Let him be so 420
To those who want his mercy; my poor lord
Made no such cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride?
What! to be led in triumph through the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes; 425
While some dejected friend of Antony's,

413 *become.* Q2, Q3, become of.

Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruin'd him ?
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow, ev'n to death.

Iras. I only fear'd 430
For you ; but more shou'd fear to live without
you.

Cleop. Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be. Quick,
my friends,
Dispatch ; ere this, the town's in Cæsar's hands :
My lord looks down concern'd, and fears my
stay,

Lest I shou'd be surpriz'd ; 435
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest
jewels ;

With 'em, the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury !) for him who now lies dead ;
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills. 440

Iras. The aspicks, madam ?

Cleop. Must I bid you twice ?

Exeunt Char[mion] and Iras.

'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force life on
me,

To rush into the dark aboad of death,
And seize him first ; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful, sure. 445

We're now alone, in secresie and silence;
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see
me;

And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms. — O, welcome, wel-
come!

450

Enter Charmion [and] Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleop. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head; he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. — Only thou
Cou'dst triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone 455
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

Cleop. Dull, that thou art! why 'tis to meet
my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorn'd, 460
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleop. Now seat me by my lord. I claim this
place;
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him, 465

And win my share o'th' world. — Hail, you dear
relics

Of my immortal love !

O let no impious hand remove you hence :

But rest for ever here ! Let Egypt give

His death that peace, which it deny'd his life. — 470

Reach me the casket.

Iras.

Underneath the fruit

The aspick lies.

Cleop. (*putting aside the leaves*). Welcom,
thou kind deceiver !

Thou best of thieves ; who with an easie key

Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,

Ev'n steal us from our selves ; discharging so 475

Death's dreadful office better than himself ; *Exe.*

Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,

That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,

And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. (*within*). The queen, where is she ?

The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates. 480

Cleop. He comes too late t'invade the rights of
death.

Haste, bare my arm, and rouze the serpent's fury.

Holds out her arm, and draws it back.

Coward flesh,

Wou'dst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,

As thou wert none of mine ? I'll force thee to't, 485

471-472 Underneath . . . lies. As one line, Qq.

And not be sent by him,
But bring, my self, my soul to Antony.

Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. (within). Break ope the door,
And guard the traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy 490
Of our great queen and mistress.

They apply the aspicks.

Cleop. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numness creeps through every limb, 495
And now 'tis at my head; my eye-lids fall,
And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to
him,

And lay me on his breast! — Cæsar, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. *Dies.*

Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies; Charmion stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.

2 Priests. Behold, Serapion, 500
What havock death has made!

497 *vanish'd.* Sb, vanquished.

500-501 *Behold . . . made.* As one line, Qq.

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.—
 Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the
 last
 Of her great race; I follow her.

Sinks down: dies.

Alexas. 'Tis true,
 She has done well: much better thus to die, 505
 Than live to make a holy-day in Rome.

Serap. See, see how the lovers sit in state
 together,
 As they were giving laws to half mankind! rulers & people
 Th'impression of a smile, left in her face, worsted
 Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she
 liv'd, 510

And went to charm him in another world.
 Cæsar's just entring: grief has now no leisure.
 Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
 To grace th'imperial triumph.—Sleep, blest pair,
 Secure from humane chance, long ages out, 515
 While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;
 And fame to late posterity shall tell,
 No lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

*Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
 Have one sure refuge left — and that's to rail.
 Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the pit ;
 And this is all their equipage of wit.
 We wonder how the devil this diff'rence grows, 5
 Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose ;
 For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
 'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
 The thread-bare author hates the gawdy coat ;
 And swears at the guilt coach, but swears a foot : 10
 For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling man,
 He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can ;
 Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
 If pink or purple best become his face.
 For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays ; 15
 Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays ;
 He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays. }*

*He does his best ; and if he cannot please,
 Wou'd quietly sue out his writ of ease.
 Yet, if he might his own grand jury call, 20
 By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
 Let Cæsar's pow'r the mens ambition move,
 But grace you him who lost the world for love !*

Epilogue

149

*Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copy'd in his play; 25
Heav'n help the man who for that face must
 drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For shou'd you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call; 30
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.*

30 sparks. Q2, sparke.

FINIS.

Notes to All for Love

For single words, see Glossary. For imitations and reminiscences of Shakespeare, see Introduction, p. xliii. References to Dryden's Works are to the Scott-Saintsbury Edition.

Facile est, etc. It is easy to note some glowing expression (so to speak), and laugh at it when the fire of passion is cold. *Ora-tor*, viii.

3. Thomas, Earl of Danby. Sir Thomas Osborne (1631-1712), successively Earl of Danby (1674), Marquis of Carmarthen (1689), and Duke of Leeds (1694). After being Lord High Treasurer and Charles's principal minister for five years, he was impeached in the same year that this dedication was published.

3, 7. Carmen amat, etc. Heroes love song. Source not found.

4, 47. debts of the exchequer. At the beginning of 1672 Charles had in his exchequer £1,400,000, lent to him by the goldsmiths, who in those days acted as bankers. On January 2, probably at Clifford's suggestion, he refused to repay the principal, and arbitrarily reduced the interest from 12 to 6 per cent. Many of the goldsmiths became bankrupt. Clifford was made a peer and Lord High Treasurer. He was succeeded by Osborne in March, 1673.

6, 110. Felices nimium, etc. Oh Englishmen, too fortunate, if they but knew their blessings! Altered from Vergil, *Georgics*, II, 248-249.

6, 113. their old forefather. Cf. 295, 19. Dryden more than once recast in verse something that he had previously well said in prose.

7, 129. often chang'd his party. An allusion to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had been in opposition since 1673.

7, 150. your father. Sir Edward Osborne (1596-1647), lieutenant-general of the Royalist forces raised at York.

7, 162. Earl of Lindsey. Robert Bertie, first Earl (1582-

1642) ; died from wounds received at Edgehill. Hisson Montague, the second Earl, was wounded at Naseby. Lord Danby married Lady Bridget Bertie, the second daughter of Montague.

9, 2. **greatest wits of our nation.** Mary, Countess of Pembroke, *Antonie* (1590, publ. 1592), translated from the *Marc Antoine* (1578) of Garnier ; Samuel Daniel, *Cleopatra* (1594) ; Samuel Brandon, *The Tragi-Comædi of the Virtuous Octavia* (1598) ; Thomas May, *Cleopatra* (1639) ; Sir Charles Sedley, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in rhyme (1677), acted at the Duke's Theatre. Fletcher and Massinger's *The False One* (about 1620, publ. 1647) represents Cleopatra in her youth, in connection with the events of the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey. The same is, of course, true of the translations made by Mrs. Katherine Philips (1663), and by Waller and others (1664), of Corneille's *La Mort de Pompée* (1642). The fifth act of D'Avenant's *Play-House to be let* (1663, publ. 1673) is a travesty dealing with Cæsar and Cleopatra.

It may not be out of place to mention here the subsequent English plays dealing with Cleopatra. Cibber's *Cæsar in Egypt* (1724) was adapted from Corneille and Beaumont and Fletcher. Capell prepared an acting version of Shakespeare's play for the use of Garrick (1759), and Henry Brooke published an *Antony and Cleopatra* (1778), described by Genest (vi, 63) as "one third, or perhaps one half, from Shakespeare." In 1813 was acted at Covent Garden an *Antony and Cleopatra* actually combined from Shakespeare and Dryden (Genest, viii, 417).

For information about some thirty French, German, and Italian plays on the subject, the reader is referred to the work by Moeller, cited in the *Bibliography*. To his list might be added the tragedies of Belliard (1578), and of Francisco de Rojas (1640). In the New Variorum Edition of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1908), pp. 507-583, twenty plays, English and foreign, dealing with Cleopatra, are described and summarized.

The most notable recent plays on the subject of Cleopatra are those of Sardou (1890) and Bernard Shaw (1900).

10, 35. **machine.** "In the less common meaning of dramatic motive. Compare *Epilogue* to *Ædipus*, ll. 9-10 :

Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway,

The mightiest Machine that can mount a Play." (Ker.)

10, 63. *Nous ne sommes, etc.* *Essai*, II, xvii (Paris, 1879, p. 325). Florio translates: "We are nought but ceremonie; ceremonie doth transport us, and wee leave the substance of things; we hold-fast by the boughs, and leave the trunk or body. Wee have taught Ladies to blush, onely by hearing that named, which they nothing feare to doe. Wee dare not call our members by their proper names, and feare not to employ them in all kind of dissolutenesse. Ceremonie forbids us by words to expresse lawfull and naturall things; and we beleve it. Reason willet us to doe no bad or unlawfull things, and no man giveth credit unto it." (*Temple Classics*, London, 1897, IV, 131.)

11, 88. *Hippolitus*. Hippolyte in Racine's *Phèdre* (1677).

11, 107. *Chedreux*, a kind of wig, so named from a perriquier of the time. In 1745 a correspondent signing himself W. G., then aged eighty-seven, wrote to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (p. 99): "I remember plain *John Dryden* (before he paid his court with success to the great,) in one uniform cloathing of *Norwich* drugget. I have eat tarts with him and *Madam Reeve* at the *Mulberry-Garden*, when our author advanced to a sword, and *chedreux* wig."

12, 122. *draws his own stake*, withdraws his stake (metaphor from gaming).

12, 145. *Rarus enim, etc.* For in that condition common sense is usually rare. *Juvenal, Sat. viii, 73-74.*

13, 160. *Horace. Sat. i, i, 1-3.*

13, 170. *in the greater majesty*. "This passage, though doubtless applicable to many of the men of rank at the court of Charles II, was particularly levelled at Lord Rochester, with whom our author was now on bad terms." (Scott.)

14, 187. *thirty legions*. Alluding to an anecdote given by *Ælius Spartianus, Life of Hadrian*, xv, and repeated by *Montaigne, Essais*, III, vii (Paris, 1879, p. 479), and *Bacon, Apophthegms*, 26. In *Bacon's* words, "There was a philosopher [*Favorinus*] that disputed with the emperor *Adrian*, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by, afterwards said unto him, 'Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the emperor; I could have answered better myself.' 'Why,' said the philosopher, 'would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?' " Cf. also *Works*, II, 292.

14, 192. that grinning honour. Cf. *I Henry IV*, v, iii, 62.

14, 194. one way with him. Cf. *Henry V*, ii, iii, 16, and 188, 345.

14, 208. vile imitations. The whole passage is Dryden's retort upon Rochester's *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of Horace*, published anonymously, in which Dryden had been disparaged, and Shadwell and Wycherley praised.

14, 211. Crispinus, a poetaster mentioned with contempt by Horace (*Sat.* i, i, 120, etc.). Dryden here follows Ben Jonson (*The Poetaster*, iii, i) in identifying him with the bore encountered by Horace in the *Via Sacra* (*Sat.* i, ix).

14, 215. Demetri, teque, etc. Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid you whine amid your pupils' chairs. Horace, *Sat.* i, x, 90-91 (the original has *discipularum*). Tigellius, a Sardinian singer, is several times mentioned by Horace (*Sat.* i, ii, 3, etc.).

14, 221. Saxum antiquum, etc. An ancient rock, immense (which chanced to lie upon the plain), placed as a bound to the field, to settle dispute over the land. *Æneid*, xii, 897-898, omitting *campo quod forte jacebat*. Turnus attempts to hurl this weapon at Æneas, but fails, as described in the passage next quoted.

15, 226. Genua labant, etc. Their knees give way; their blood congeals with cold. The hero's rock, itself, whirling through empty space, neither flew the whole distance nor struck its mark. *Æneid*, xii, 905-907. Properly, "his knees," but Dryden has been using a plural (translators, etc.)

15, 231 son of Sternhold. Thomas Sternhold (d. 1549) was, with John Hopkins and others, the author of a version of the *Psalms*, in ballad measures, which obtained general currency in both England and Scotland, and was only gradually supplanted by the *New Version* (1696) of Tate and Brady. Dryden's epithet not only implies that Rochester was a bad versifier, but maliciously classes his writings with those beloved by psalm-singing Puritans.

15, 246. Vellem in amicitia, etc. I could wish that in friendship we might be thus mistaken, and that on this mistake good sense had bestowed an honorable name. Horace, *Sat.* i, iii, 41-42.

15, 248. a slow man hasty. In the piece mentioned, Rochester had spoken of "hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley."

Cf. Pope, *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace* (1738), 81-85:

"In all debates where Criticks bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,
Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty,* Wycherly was slow.

* Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.] Nothing was less true than this particular. But this paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat." (Pope's note.)

15, 250. *Canibus pigris*, etc. Sluggish curs, hairless (properly, *levibus*), with long-standing mange, and licking the mouths of a dry lamp, will be named Leopard, Tiger, or whatever in the world roars even more violently. Juvenal, *Sat.* viii, 83-86.

15, 256. *Nigra μέλιχρος*, etc. Lucretius, iv, 1160, 1164. Dryden translates (*Second Poetical Miscellany*, 1685; *Works*, xii, 350-351):

The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut.

She stammers; oh, what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.

15, 258. *ad Æthiopem cygnum*. To the point of calling an Ethiop a swan. Juvenal, *Sat.* viii, 33.

16, 264. Mr. Rymer. Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), subsequently the author of *A Short View of Tragedy* (1692), containing his famous criticism of *Othello*; historiographer to William III, and editor of the *Fœdera* (1704, etc.). The "judicious observation" must have been made in his *Tragedies of the Last Age Considered* (1678).

16, 267. *Vos exemplaria*, etc. Con the Greek models by night and by day. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 268-269.

16, 271. *Oedipus*. Dryden's *Œdipus*, written in collaboration with Lee, was performed in the year in which this was published (1678). The authors added to the Sophoclean story, in which they made some changes, an underplot, the love-story of Adrastus, prince of Argos, and Eurydice, daughter of Laius. The reasons for this addition are briefly discussed by Dryden in the *Preface*.

17, 1. *What flocks of critiques, etc.* "Of this play [*All for Love*] the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and spriteliness." Johnson, *Lives*, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, I, 362.

17, 15. *Tonyes*. Fools; here used with a punning allusion to the name of the hero of the play.

17, 22. *Hectors*. The earliest certain instance of the word in this sense given by the *New English Dictionary* is from 1655. It is frequent in Dryden, from *The Wild Gallant* (*Works*, II, 118) on. The name "Hectors" was applied to the ruffians later called "Scowerers" and "Mohocks"; cf. note to 169, 39.

20. *Myris*. The part is only four lines long.

22, 25. *start*: Preterite. Modern editors have changed this to "starts."

22, 34. *in fear of priesthood*. Cf. "holy coward," 125, 67, and *Introduction*, p. xxviii.

23, 39. *holy luxury*. Cf. Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida*, v, ii (*Works*, VI, 383-384):

Priesthood, that makes a merchandise of heaven !

Nay, cheats heaven too with entrails and with offals;
And keeps the best for private luxury.

28, 161. *fate*. "If this be the phonetic spelling of 'fete,' it is a far earlier example than any given in the *New English Dictionary*." Furness, *Antony and Cleopatra* (New Variorum Ed.), p. 416, n.

31, 216. *Lie there, etc.* Saintsbury prints lines 216-227 as a continuation of the speech of Ventidius, beginning Antony's soliloquy with l. 228. But it is plain that the stage-direction, "*Ant.*

having thrown himself down," is intended to indicate a change of speaker, for line 222 could be uttered only by Antony, not by Ventidius, and lines 227-228 are clearly parts of one speech.

33, 254. **good-like.** Scott and Saintsbury emend, "god-like."

39, 373. **Antony's.** Nominative plural.

40, 391. **Octavius's.** So printed, in defiance of the metre, in the Qq. Similarly, "Cassius's," 43, 442.

43, 451. **taste fate to 'em.** A metaphor taken from the office of the taster, who tasted all dishes, as a precaution against poisoning, before they were served to great personages. Cf. *Richard II*, v, v, 99; *King John*, v, vi, 28; *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v, iv, 23; and Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, iv, i (*Works*, Gifford, 1860, p. 99), "As a waiting-woman, I would taste my lady's delights to her."

50, 123. **more wayes than one.** The answer was really that, not Cæsar, but Antony had many ways to die (πολλὰς ὁδοὺς Ἀντωνίῳ παρῆναι θανάτων, Plut., *Ant.* 75). Dryden, however, follows Shakespeare (iv, i, 5), who misinterprets the ambiguous pronoun in North (*Tudor Transl.* vi, 78): "Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to dye then so."

51, 139. **this wren.** Cf. *2 Cong. Gran.* v, ii (*Works*, iv, 214):

You've raised my soul; and if it mount more high,
'Tis as the wren did on the eagle fly.

66, 462. **triumph.** With the same accentuation, 83, 324. The verb was accented either way as early as Shakespeare's time.

68, 13. **Phlegræan plains.** The plains of Phlegra in Macedonia, where the giants who strove against the gods were overwhelmed.

68, 15. **And mountain tops, etc.** And where lay mountain-tops, pared off at every other stroke of my sword, to bury those I slew.

68, 17. **like Vulcan.** Cf. *Odyssey*, viii, 266-366. In Saintsbury, "spread his subtle nets; like Vulcan, In thy embraces," etc.

69, 41. **my father Hercules.** "Now it had bene a speeche of old time, that the familie of the Antonii were discended from

one Anton, the sonne of Hercules, whereof the familie tooke name." North's *Plutarch* (*Tudor Transl.* vi, 4).

72, 105. so one, so alike, so perfectly in accord.

74, 141. morning chambers, chambers in the morning. Cf., "shining morning face," *As You Like It*, ii, vii, 146.

79, 244. confess a man, admit that you are a man.

95, 63. charms have. "Have" is a slip of Dryden's pen for "has" or "bath."

95, 69. porcpisce, porpoise, *i. e.*, Alexas, doubtless represented as a black. Cf. Jonson and others, *Eastward Hoe*, iii, iii, 174 (ed. Schelling, *Belles-Lettres Series*, p. 77), "There was a porcpisce even now seene at London bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests." Cf. also Dante, *Inferno*, xxii, 19-21 (of dolphins).

97, 106. Gallus. C. Cornelius Gallus (d. 26 B. C.), one of Octavius's generals at Actium. He celebrated his mistress Lycoris under the name Cytheris, in poems now lost. Cf. Vergil, *Ecl.* x.

99, 140. all are not false. Not all are false. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi, 143.

100, 168. commerce. In the *New English Dictionary* the latest instance given of this accentuation is from 1706 (Dr. Watts), and the earliest of the modern accentuation is from 1720 (Gay).

104, 236. sea-green Syrens. Cf. the "goodly greenish locks" of the nymphs in Spenser's *Prothalamion*, 22, and Neptune's "blue-haired deities," *Comus*, 29.

107, 298. Your Cleopatra, etc. Langbaine (*Eng. Dram. Poets* (1691), p. 152) pointed out the borrowing from *Much Ado About Nothing*.

109, 350. Meroe, a kingdom of Ethiopia. Cf. *Paradise Regained*, iv, 70-71:

And where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle.

122, 12. keep my breath. Physiologically impossible, but, as a mode of suicide, not unknown in imaginative literature. Giu-lietta dies this way in Da Porto's version of the story of Romeo and Juliet; cf. also Shelley, *The Cenci*, v, ii, 183, and *Hellas*, 396.

125, 67. the holy coward. Cf. 22, 34, and note.

125, 71. Egypt has been. Cf. *Æneid*, 11, 325, "Fuit Ilium."

138, 327. Pray turn your face. Following Shakespeare (*iv*, xiv, 85-86), and not Plutarch (*Ant.* 76 ; North, p. 79), who represents Eros as "turning his head at one side" (*ἀποστρέψας δὲ τὸ πρόσωπον ἑαυτὸν ἀπέκτεινε*).

148, 17. Mr. Bays. Cf. *Biography*, p. vii.

148, 19. writ of ease, a certificate of discharge from employment. Cf. *New English Dictionary*, ease, *sb.*, III, 9.

THE TEXT

Four editions of *The Spanish Fryar* were published during Dryden's lifetime, in the years 1681, 1686, 1690, and 1695. These editions, all in quarto, are here designated as Q1, Q2, Q3, and Q4. It is obvious, upon comparison, that they represent a single text. Q2 was set up from a copy of Q1, except that three passages were omitted to comply with the requirements of the licenser (see *Introduction*, p. xxxviii). Q3 is a reprint of Q2, with the proscribed passages reinserted. Q4 was set up from Q3, which, after *The Epistle Dedicatory*, it follows page by page, each page beginning and ending with the same words as the corresponding page of Q3. In prose dialogue, however, Q3 and Q4 are not always identical in alignment. The text here reproduced is that of Q1, collated with that of Q2 and with that of the Scott-Saintsbury reprint in the *Works*, vol. vi (1883). New variants of Q3 and Q4 are not here recorded, but all the passages noted in the collation of Q1 with Q2 and Sb have been examined in Q3 and Q4 and their readings indicated. The agreement of all four quartos is denoted by the symbol Qq. The copies collated are those in the Harvard University Library.

The spelling here given is that of Q1. In all respects the text has been treated like that of *All for Love*.

THE
SPANISH
FRYAR

O R,

The Double Discovery.

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.——Ma.

Altera revivens
Lufit, & in folido rufus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by *John Dryden*, Servant to
His MAJESTY.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Tonfon* and *Jacob Tonfon*, at *Grays-*
inn-gate, in *Grays-inn-lane*, and at the *Judge's*
Head, in *Chancery-lane*, 1681.

THE SOURCE

The general fidelity of the serious plot of *The Spanish Fryar* to the heroic type is discussed in the *Introduction*, p. xxviii. The possible relations of the comic story to *The Spanish Curate*, *Le Pèlerin* and *La Mandragola*, are discussed in the *Introduction*, pp. xxx ff.

The passages imitated from Shakespeare are enumerated in the *Introduction*, p. xliv. C. Hartmann (*Einfluss Molières*, pp. 29-30) has pointed out a number of parallels to Molière, not so close, however, as to prove direct borrowing. Thus the relationship of Lorenzo and Elvira has its counterpart in that of Andrès and Célie in *L'Étourdi*; Gomez recalls the unfortunate husbands in *Sganarelle*, *Le Mariage Forcé*, and *George Dandin* (see especially the last, 1, iii); Lorenzo's conversation with Gomez, 1, ii, resembles that of Horace with Arnolphe in *L'École des Femmes*, 1, vi; Dominick's change of tone at the sight of Lorenzo's purse, iv, i, resembles an incident in *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, 11, ix.

But the resemblances offered by this piece are largely of a general character. It is to a considerable extent made up of stock incidents and stock situations, but not modeled closely upon specific originals. It has many sources, but no one source.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN
LORD HAUGHTON

My Lord,

*When I first design'd this play, I found, or thought I found, some-
what so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comick,
as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both; accordingly, I
us'd the best of my endeavour in the management of two plots, so very
different from each other that it was not perhaps the talent of every
writer to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other
playes of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment,
though with like success. And though many poets may suspect them-
selves for the fondness and partiality of parents to their youngest chil-
dren, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know
my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which
have seldom reach'd to those idea's that I had within me; and conse-
quently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or
less pardonably, as an ordinary markes-man may know certainly when
he shoots less wide at what he aymes. Besides, the care and pains I
have bestowed on this, beyond my other tragi-comedies, may reasonably
make the world conclude, that either I can doe nothing tolerably, or
that this poem is not much amiss. Few good pictures have been fin-
ish'd at one sitting; neither can a true just play, which is to bear the
test of ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of fancie, without the
maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffi-
dence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare
venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much
asham'd to put a loose indigested play upon the publick, as I should be
to offer brass money in a payment; for though it shou'd be taken (as it is
too often on the stage), yet it will be found in the second telling; and a*

judicious reader will discover, in his closset, that trashy stuff whose
 glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the stationer
 sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melan-
 choly bargain which clapp'd its performance on the stage. In a play-
 house, every thing contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights,
 the scenes, the habits, and, above all, the grace of action, which is com-
 monly the best where there is the most need of it, surprize the audience,
 and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a
 juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us
 with gibbertsh, onely that he may gain the opportunity of making the
 cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the stage are
 no more lasting then a rainbow; when the actor ceases to shine upon
 them, when he guilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in
 a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was
 become of those glaring colours which amaz'd me in Bussy Damboys
 upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen
 star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull
 mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish
 thought, dress'd up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance,
 looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line ex-
 panded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English,
 and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a
 scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life and groaning beneath a
 heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet us'd to sacrifice every year a
 Statius to Virgil's Manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a
 D'amboys annually, to the memory of Johnson. But now, my lord,
 I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remem-
 ber some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor, which cry ven-
 geance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in
 the same fire with Statius and Chapman. All I can say for those pas-
 sages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad
 enough to please, even when I writ them; but I repent of them amongst
 my sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present
 writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilahs of the theatre; and am
 resolv'd I will settle my self no reputation by the applause of fools.
 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take
 it from half-witted judges as I shou'd to raise an estate by cheating of
 bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which

is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime 65
that is not just and proper. If the ancients had judg'd by the same
measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to
have written higher than Virgil, for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso
carries a more thundring kind of sound than 70

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi;
yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawfull prince, and Statius only the
blustering of a tyrant. But when men affect a vertue which they cannot
reach, they fall into a vice which bears the nearest resemblance to it.
Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness runs easily into the 75
swelling puffie style, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when
I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean poet, in comparison
of Sylvester's Dubartas, and was rapt into an ecstasie when I read these
lines:

Now, when the winter's keener breath began 80
To chrystallize the Baltick Ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods;

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts 85
and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other; yet I
dare not answer for an audience that they wou'd not clap it on the stage;
so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but
madness can please mad-men, and a poet must be of a piece with the
spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But as in a room con-
triv'd for state, the height of the roof shou'd bear a proportion to the 90
area, so in the heightenings of poetry, the strength and vehemence of
figures shou'd be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons.
All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence,
and not a living part of poetry. I had not said thus much, if some
young gallants, who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this 95
tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style; but as a man who is charg'd
with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager
in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more
partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, what-
73-74 cannot reach. Sb, cannot easily reach.

ever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those 104
 faults I mention'd; what credit it has gain'd upon the stage, I value
 no farther than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in
 seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action.
 But, as 't is my interest to please my audience, so 't is my ambition to
 be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design; for 105
 the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of
 a play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of action: all things
 are there beheld as in a hasty motion, where the objects onely glide
 before the eye and disappear. The most discerning critick can judge
 no more of these silent graces in the action than he who rides post 110
 through an unknown countrey can distinguish the situation of places,
 and the nature of the soyle. The purity of phrase, the clearness of con-
 ception and expression, the boldness maintain'd to majesty, the signifi-
 cantic and sound of words, not strain'd into bombast, but justly elevated;
 in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but 115
 for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the
 theatre; and yet without all these a play may take. For if either the
 story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance,
 or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the
 obscurity of the poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present lik- 120
 ing, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long
 continue; and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to
 think I have left no faults in this which that touchstone will not dis-
 cover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a play of this na-
 ture. There are evidently two actions in it; but it will be clear to any 125
 judicious man that with half the pains I could have rais'd a play from
 either of them; for this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to
 tack two plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety.
 The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy
 scenes; and I dare venture to prophesie that few tragedies except those 130
 in verse shall succeed in this age, if they are not lighten'd with a course
 of mirth. For the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But
 how difficult a task this is, will soon be try'd; for a several genius is
 requir'd to either way; and, without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion,
 is but half a poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking 135
 to make a tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis

117 these. Q2, those.

134 'em. Q2, Q3, Q4, them.

to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are alwaies in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer, and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess, that what I have written looks more like a preface than a dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art which might be more worthy of a noble mind than the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject, and onely tell you, that in recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron, as I doe my self an honour, so I do your noble family a right, who have been alwaies eminent in the support and favour of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embrac'd are such, as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true English-men, and renew their lustre in your person; which, My Lord, is not more the wish than it is the constant expectation of your Lord-ship's

Most obedient,

faithfull Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE

*Now luck for us, and a kind hearty pit ;
 For he who pleases, never failes of wit :
 Honour is yours ;
 And you, like kings at city treats, bestow it ;
 The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet. 5
 But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow ;
 You dubb to day, and hang a man to morrow ;
 You cry the same sense up, and down again,
 Just like brass mony once a year in Spain :
 Take you i' th' mood, what e'er base metal come, 10
 You coin as fast as groats at Brompton ;
 Though 'tis no more like sense in ancient plays,
 Than Rome's religion like St. Peter's days.
 In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
 You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind. 15
 'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
 But e'en your follies and debauches change
 With such a whirl, the poets of your age
 Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the stage ;
 Unless each vice in short-hand they indite, 20
 Ev'n as notcht prentices whole sermons write.
 The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
 But what they us'd a hundred years ago ;
 Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they
 grow ;*

13-14 *Than . . . wind.* Omitted in Q2.

They cheat, but still from cheating sires they come ; 25
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in mum.
Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change ; but here's the
curse,

They change for better, and we change for worse ; 30
They take up our old trade of conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :
Our fathers did, for change, to France repair,
And they, for change, will try our English air ;
As children, when they throw one toy away, 35
Strait a more foolish gugaw comes in play ;
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave whoring and devoutly fall to drinking.
Scouring the watch grows out of fashion wit ;
Now we set up for tilting in the pit, 40
Where 'tis agreed by bullies chicken-hearted
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire night murth'ers, and make death a trade.
When murther's out, what vice can we advance ? 45
Unless the new found pois'ning trick of France :
And when their art of rats-bane we have got,
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Leonora</i> , Queen of <i>Arragon</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Teresa</i> , Woman to <i>Leonora</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Crofts</i> .
<i>Elvira</i> , Wife to <i>Gomez</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Betterton</i> .
[<i>Elvira's</i> Duenna]	
<i>Torrismond</i> ,	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Bertran</i> ,	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Alphonso</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wiltshire</i> .
<i>Lorenzo</i> , his Son,	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Raymond</i> ,	Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
<i>Pedro</i> ,	Mr. <i>Underbill</i> .
<i>Gomez</i> ,	Mr. <i>Nokes</i> .
<i>Dominic</i> , the Spanish Fryar,	Mr. <i>Lee</i> .
[Servant.]	
[Two Soldiers.]	
[Two Captains.]	

[Scene — Saragossa.]

The
Spanish Fryar
or, the
Double Discovery

ACT I

*Alphonso [and] Pedro meet, with Souldiers on each side,
drums, etc.*

Alphonso. Stand; give the word.

Pedro. The Queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro? — how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcom day-light; we shall have
warm work on't;

The Moore will 'gage

His utmost forces on this next assault, 5

To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lyon-way of wooing, though;
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the saints 10
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. O Alphonso!

I fear they come too late ! Her father's crimes
 Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers ;
 A crown usurp'd ; a lawfull king depos'd,
 In bondage held, debarr'd the common light ; 15
 His children murther'd, and his friends de-
 stroy'd, —

What can we less expect than what we feel,
 And what we fear will follow ?

Alph.

Heav'n avert it !

Ped. Then heav'n must not be heav'n. Judge
 the event

By what has pass'd : th' usurper joy'd not long 20
 His ill-got crown : — 'tis true, he dy'd in
 peace, —

Unriddle that, ye pow'rs ! — but left his daughter,
 Our present queen, ingag'd upon his death-bed
 To marry with young Bertran, whose curs'd
 father

Had help'd to make him great. 25

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose ;
 Because the Moore Abdalla, with whose troops
 Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refus'd ;
 And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are souldiers, Pedro ; and,
 like lawyers, 30

Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause wou'd doe well though :
 It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran

Has now three times been beaten by the Moores ;
What hope we have is in young Torrismond,
Your brother's son.

Alph. He's a successfull warriour, 35
And has the souldiers hearts ; upon the skirts
Of Arragon our squander'd troops he rallies.
Our watchmen from the tow'rs with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late. 40

Alph. No more : — Duke Bertran.

Enter Bertran, attended.

Bertran. Relieve the cent'rys that have
watch'd all night.

(*To Ped.*) Now, collonel, have you dispos'd your
men,

That you stand idle here ?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be ; 45
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and
more,

There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What courage in our souldiers ? Speak ! What
hope ?

Ped. As much as when physicians shake their
heads, 50
And bid their dying patient think of heav'n.

Our walls are thinly mann'd; our best men slain;
The rest, an heartless number, spent with watch-
ing,
And harass'd out with duty.

Bert. Good-night all, then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life 55
I have to lose; I'll plant my colours down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot;
Say a short souldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble
Of my few friends above; and then expect
The next fair bullet. 60

Alph. Never was known a night of such dis-
traction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadfull; justling
crowds,
That run, and know not whither; torches glid-
ing,
Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty fryar, 65
With a paunch swoln so high, his double chin
Might rest upon't; a true son of the Church;
Fresh coloured, and well thriven on his trade,
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate quire
And fumbling o'er his beads in such an agony, 70
He told 'em false for fear; about his neck
There hung a wench, the labell of his function,
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, un-
kindly.

It seems the holy stallion durst not score
Another sin before he left the world. 75

Enter a Captain.

Captain. To arms, my lord, to arms!
From the Moors camp the noise grows louder
still:
Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums, and at-
balles,
And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the
heav'ns,
Like victory; then groans again and howlings 80
Like those of vanquished men; but every echo
Goes fainter off, and dyes in distant sounds.

Bert. Some false attaque; expect on t'other
side.

One to the gunners on St. Jago's tow'r:
Bid 'em, for shame, 85
Level their cannon lower; on my soul
They're all corrupted with the gold of Barbary,
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter second Captain.

2nd Captain. My lord, here's fresh intelli-
gence arriv'd:
Our army, led by valiant Torrismond, 90
Is now in hot engagement with the Moors;
'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him!

76 *lord.* Sb, lords. 84-85 *One . . . shame.* As one line, Qq.

He might have sent us word, though ;
 And then we cou'd have favour'd his attempt 95
 With sallies from the town. —

Alph. It cou'd not be :
 We were so close 'block'd up, that none cou'd
 peepe

Upon the walls and live. But yet 'tis time. —

Bert. No, 'tis too late ; I will not hazard it ;
 On pain of death, let no man dare to sally. 100

Ped. (aside). Oh envy, envy, how it works
 within him !

How now ! What means this show ?

Alph. 'Tis a procession ;
 The queen is going to the great cathedral
 To pray for our success against the Moores.

Ped. Very good : she usurps the throne, keeps 105
 the old king in prison, and at the same time is
 praying for a blessing. Oh religion and roguery,
 how they go together !

*A Procession of Priests and Choristers in white,
 with tapers, follow'd by the Queen and
 Ladies, goes over the stage : the Choristers
 singing.*

*Look down, ye bless'd above, look down,
 Behold our weeping matrons' tears,
 Behold our tender virgins fears,
 And with success our armies crown.*

110

110 *matrons'. Q1, matron's ; Q2, Q3, Q4, matrons.*

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down :

Oh, save us, save us, and our state restore !

For pity, pity, pity, we implore :

115

For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

The Procession goes off ; and shout within.

Then enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. (to Alphonso). A joyfull cry ; and see your son Lorenzo.

Good news, kind Heav'n !

Alph. (to Lorenzo). O welcome, welcome ! Is the general safe ?

How near our army ? When shall we be succour'd ?

120

Or, are we succour'd ? Are the Moores remov'd ?

Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more ;

Answer 'em all together.

Lorenzo. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.

The general's well ; his army too is safe

125

As victory can make 'em. The Moores king

Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one ;

At dawn of day our general cleft his pate,

Spight of his woollen night-cap : a slight wound ;

Perhaps he may recover.

Alph.

Thou reviv'st me.

130

123 'em. Sb, them.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gain'd before the procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard but the priests will make a miracle on't.

Lor. Yes, faith; we came like bold intruding
guests, 135

And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome,
Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body
sleeping;

And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er 'em,
And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or
leggs,

Somewhat undecently; but when men want
light, 140

They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen,
And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert. I'll spare his trouble. —

(*Aside.*) This Torrismond begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruin'd.

Lor. Pedro, a word: — (*Whisper.*) 145

Exit Bertran.

Alph. How swift he shot away! I find it
stung him,

In spite of his dissembling.

(*To Lorenzo.*) How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, sir, we were in hast, and cou'd
not stay

To score the men we kill'd; but there they lye. 150
 Best send our women out to take the tale;
 There's circumcision in abundance for 'em.

Turns to Pedro again.

Alph. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor. Some few miles. —

(*To Pedro.*) Good store of harlots, say you, and
 dog cheap?

Pedro, they must be had, and speedily; 155
 I've kept a tedious fast. *Whispers again.*

Alph. When will he make his entry? He de-
 serves

Such triumphs as were giv'n by ancient Rome.
 Ha, boy, what saiest thou?

Lor. As you say, sir, that Rome was very
 ancient — 160

(*To Pedro.*) I leave the choice to you; fair, black,
 tall, low,

Let her but have a nose; and you may tell her,
 I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
 Pluck'd from Moores ears.

Alph. Lorenzo?

Lor. Somewhat busie

About affairs relating to the publick. — 165

(*To Pedro.*) A seasonable girl, just in the nick
 now. — *Trumpets within.*

156 *I've.* Q2, Q3, Q4, I have.

163 *I'm.* Sb, I am.

Ped. I hear the general's trumpets; stand and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly;
There hung a cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's; 170
Looks fright not men; the general has seen
Moore's

With as bad faces; no dispraise to Bertran's.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the camp, he loves the queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and Bertran. 175

Ped. Yes, in private.

But Bertran has been taught the arts of court,
To guild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.

O, here they come. —

Enter Torrismond and Officers on one side, Bertran attended on the other; they embrace, Bertran bowing low.

Just as I prophesy'd. —

Lor. Death and hell, he laughs at him! — 180
in's face, too.

Ped. O, you mistake him; 'twas an humble grin,

167 trumpets. *Sb,* trumpet.

The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs.

Lor. (aside). Here are nothing but lyes to be expected: I'll e'en go lose my self in some blind alley, and try if any courteous damsel will think me worth the finding. *Exit Lorenzo.*

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bert. Your country rescu'd, and your queen reliev'd!

A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond!
The people rend the skyes with loud applause, 190
And heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crowds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Torrismond. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause; the noisie praise 195
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tyde
Of swoln success; but veering with its ebbe,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a stoick! 200

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop

Within these veins for pageants; but let honour
Call for my bloud, and sluice it into streams:
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattell'd foes, 205

198 *Servants.* Sb, Servant.

In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. (aside). I'll try him farther. —
Suppose th' assembled states of Arragon
Decree a statue to you, thus inscrib'd :
"To Torrismond, who freed his native land." 210

Alph. (to Pedro). Mark how he sounds and
fathoms him to find
The shallows of his soul !

Bert. The just applause
Of god-like senates is the stamp of vertue,
Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the
world ;
These honours you deserve ; nor shall my suf-
frage 215

Be last to fix 'em on you ; if refus'd,
You brand us all with black ingratitude :
For times to come shall say, " Our Spain, like
Rome,

Neglects her champions after noble acts,
And lets their laurels wither on their heads." 220

Tor. A statue, for a battel blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprise make conquest
cheap !

Where virtue borow'd but the arms of chance,
And struck a random blow ! 'Twas fortune's
work,

211 *to find.* As part of next line, Sb.

And fortune takes the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness 225

Is the first fame ; virtue without success

Is a fair picture shown by an ill light ;

But lucky men are favorites of heaven,

And whom should kings esteem above heaven's
darlings ?

The praises of a young and beauteous queen 230

Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. (to Alphonso). There sprung the mine.

Tor. The queen ! That were a happiness too
great !

Nam'd you the queen, my lord ?

Bert. Yes ; you have seen her, and you must
confess,

A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth 235

The shouts of thousand amphitheaters.

She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her :

To morrow will deliver all her charms

Into my arms, and make her mine for ever. —

Why stand you mute ?

Tor. Alas ! I cannot speak. 240

Bert. Not speak, my lord ! How were your
thoughts employ'd ?

Tor. Nor can I think ; or I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps ?

Tor. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to
climbe.

Bert. O, now I find where your ambition
drives ! 245

You ought not think of her.

Tor. So I say too ;
I ought not ; madmen ought not to be mad ;
But who can help his frenzy ?

Bert. Fond young man !
The wings of your ambition must be clipt ;
Your shamefac'd vertue shunn'd the peoples
praise, 250

And senates honours ; but 'tis well we know
What price you hold your self at ; you have
fought

With some success, and that has seal'd your par-
don.

Tor. Pardon from thee ! O, give me patience,
heav'n !

Thrice vanquish'd Bertran, if thou darst, look
out 255

Upon yon slaughter'd host, that field of blood ;
There seal my pardon where thy fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption !

Alph. (to *Torrismond*). Learn respect
To the first prince o' th' blood.

246 *not think.* Sb, not to think.

248 *his.* Q2, Q3, Q4, their.

Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with madmen.

Tor. I have done : 260
I know, 'twas madness to declare this truth :
And yet, 'twere baseness to deny my love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds ;
Lighter then childrens bubbles blown by winds :
My merit's but the rash results of chance ; 265
My birth unequal ; all the stars against me :
Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead ;
Mankind my foes ; and onely love to friend ;
But such a love, kept at such awfull distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival 270
Shall fear to whisper there ; queens may be lov'd,
And so may gods ; else why are altars rais'd ?
Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd ?
But, oh ! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in dark-
ness. *Exit Torrismond.* 275

Bert. 'Tis well ; the goddess shall be told, she
shall,
Of her new worshipper. *Exit Bertran.*

Pedro. So, here's fine work!
He has supply'd his onely foe with arms
For his destruction. Old Penelope's tale
Inverted ; h'has unravelled all by day 280

265 *results.* Sb, result.

270 *tell, a rival.* Sb, tell a rival (comma).

That he has done by night. — What, planet-struck !

Alph. I wish I were ; to be past sense of this !

Ped. Wou'd I had but a lease of life so long,
As till my flesh and bloud rebell'd this way,
Against our sovereign lady ; — mad for a queen ? 28,
With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in
t'other ?

A very pretty moppet !

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival !
His father absent on an embassy ;
Himself a stranger almost ; wholly friendless ! 290
A torrent, rowling down a precipice,
Is easier to be stopt, then is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain ; haste to the
court ;
Improve your interest there for pardon from the
queen.

Alph. Weak remedies ; but all must be attempted. *Exit Alphonso.* 295

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue ! I
have been ranging over half the town ; but have
sprung no game. Our women are worse infi-
dels than the Moores : I told 'em I was one of
their knight-errants that deliver'd them from rav- 300

295 but . . . attempted. As separate line, Qq, Sb.

Enter Lorenzo. Sb, Scene II. Enter, etc.

ishment; and I think in my conscience, that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your cousin is run honourably mad in love with her majesty; he is split upon a rock, and you, who are in chase ³⁰⁵ of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think the devil's in the family.

Exit Pedro. Lorenzo solus.

Lor. My cousin ruin'd, saies he! hum! not that I wish my kinsman's ruin; that were unchristian: but, if the general's ruin'd, I am heir; ³¹⁰ there's comfort for a Christian! Money I have, I thank the honest Moores for't; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be leud; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elvira. Stranger! Cavalier! — will you not ³¹⁵ hear me? you Moore-killer, you Matador! —

Lor. Meaning me, madam?

Elv. Face about, man! you a souldier, and afraid of the enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have ³²⁰ been charg'd first; I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. (*Aside to her.*) Now, Madam Cynthia behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier; ³²⁵

³⁰² *thair.* Sb, the.

and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame³³⁰ on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman ?

Lor. O, I love an easie woman ! there's such a doe to crack a thick shell'd mistress ; we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in³³⁵ you to take pity on a stranger, and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You may have a better opinion of me then I deserve ; you have not seen me yet ; and, therefore, I am confident you are heart-whole. ³⁴⁰

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess ; but I am drawing on apace ; you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that ; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me ; let me see you, for the³⁴⁵ safeguard of my honour ; 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made, colonel, to shew that you are inclining to³⁵⁰ the wars ; I could answer you with another in my profession : suppose you were in want of money,

³⁴⁴ *there's.* Sb, there is.

wou'd you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a seal'd bagg, without peeping? — but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. 355

Lifts up her veil.

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you doe well to keep 'em veil'd; they are too sharp to be trusted out o' th' scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my forwardness; but this day of jubilee is the onely 360 time of freedom I have had; and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, madam, I was 365 never in love with less then your whole sex before; but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing; and, if love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in 370 rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms in my self; perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at constancy till I have worn off the 'itching in my 375 pace.

Elv. Oh, sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry; chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom.

Now I know your temper, you may thank your
self if you are kept to hard meat; — you are in
for years if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word years, call'd matrimony. 385

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish
I could rid my self as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old
man be a husband. 390

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose
as I could wish: now love be prais'd!

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. (aside). If I get not home before my
husband, I shall be ruin'd. (*To him.*) I dare not
stay to tell you where. Farwell! — Cou'd I once 395
more — *Exit Elvira.*

Lor. This is unconcionable dealing; to be
made a slave, and not know whose livery I wear.
Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my 400
rich old banquer, Gomez, whom I knew at Bar-
celona; as I live 'tis he! — (*To Gomez.*) What,
old Mammon here?

Gomez. How! young Beelzebub?

398 *not know.* Sb, know not.

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy⁴⁰⁵ hanches, and brought thee hither to Saragossa? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I alwaies remove before the enemy; when the Moores are ready to besiege one town, I shift quarters to the next; I keep as far from⁴¹⁰ the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory; all true subjects are overjoy'd at it; there are bonfires decreed; and the times had not been⁴¹⁵ hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a respect for a single billet, thou would'st almost have thrown on thy self to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy soul. ⁴²⁰

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous, 'till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy self for such an extravagance; and, instead of it, thou⁴²⁵ shalt doe me a meer verbal courtesy; I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady? — (*Aside.*) My mind misgives me plaguily. ⁴³⁰

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner-house; pray heaven it prove no bawdy-house.

Gom. (aside). Pray heaven he does not make it one !

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thy self? Hast⁴³⁵ thou any thing to say against the honesty of that house ?

Gom. Not I, colonel ; the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for ought I know. But for the woman, I cannot⁴⁴⁰ say, till I know her better. Describe her person, and, if she live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle stature, dark colour'd hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the⁴⁴⁵ most roguish cast ; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom. (aside). I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.— Go on, colonel ; have you no other⁴⁵⁰ marks of her ?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks ; but she has an husband, a jealous, covetous, old huncks ; speak ; canst thou tell me news of her ?

Gom. Yes ; this news, colonel, that you have⁴⁵⁵ seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou helpst me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more then I circum-

cise you, Colonel Hernando; once more, you⁴⁶⁰
have seen your last of her.

Lor. (aside). I am glad he knows me onely by that name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona; now he can tell no tales of me to my father. — (*To him.*) Come, thou wert ever good-⁴⁶⁵
natur'd, when thou couldst get by't — Look here, rogue: 'tis of the right damning colour — thou art not proof against gold, sure! — do not I know thee for a covetous —

Gom. Jealous old huncks? those were the⁴⁷⁰
marks of your mistresse's husband, as I remember, colonel.

Lor. (aside). Oh, the devil! What a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner!

Gom. Do, do, look sillily, good colonel; 'tis⁴⁷⁵
a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; but —

Gom. But — no pumping, my dear colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping! I was — thinking a little upon a point of gratitude; we two have⁴⁸⁰
been long acquaintance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest; go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide Mayor of Saragossa.

Gom. Satisfie your self; you shall not make⁴⁸⁵
me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith, but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank⁴⁹ you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story — that woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly woman, — for t'other was a lye, — is no more thy wife, — as I'll go home⁴⁹⁵ with thee and satisfie thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no, not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade⁵⁰⁰ of *twinckledum twinckledum* under my windows; nay, I will advise you, out of my tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner-house by night; for, to my certain knowledg, there are blunderbusses planted in every loop-⁵⁰⁵ hole, that go off constantly of their own accord, at the squeaking of a fiddle, and the thrumming of a ghittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee; I'll demolish thy citadel⁵¹⁰ by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee; my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free-quarter. Farwell, wrought nightcap.

Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Farwell, buff. Free-quarter for a régi-⁵¹⁵

⁵¹³ *free-quarter.* Sb, free quarters.

⁵¹⁵ *Free-quarter.* Sb, Free quarters.

ment of red-coat locusts? I hope to see 'em all
in the Red Sea first! — But oh, this Jezabel of
mine! I'll get a physician that shall prescribe
her an ounce of camphire every morning, for her
breakfast, to abate incontineney; she shall never⁵²⁰
peep abroad, no, not to church for confession;
and, for never going, she shall be condemn'd for
a heretick; she shall have stripes by Troy weight,
and sustenance by drachms and scruples; nay,
I'll have a fasting almanack printed on purpose⁵²⁵
for her use, in which

No Carnival nor Christmass shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year.

Exit Gomez.

⁵²³ by . . . weight. Q2 omits by.

ACT II

SCENE [I]. *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

[*Enter*] *Alphonso*, [*and*] *Pedro*.

Alphonso. When saw you my Lorenzo?

Pedro. I had a glimpse of him; but he shot
by me,

Like a young hound upon a burning scent;
He's gon a harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught
him better.

5

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.

What learn our youth abroad, but to refine
The homely vices of their native land?

Give me an honest homespun countrey clown
Of our own growth; his dulness is but plain, 10
But their's embroider'd; they are sent out fools,
And come back fopps.

Alph. You know what reasons urg'd me;
But now I have accomplish'd my designs,
I shou'd be glad he knew 'em; his wild riots
Disturb my soul; but they wou'd sit more close, 15
Did not the threatn'd down-fall of our house
In Torrismond o'erwhelm my private ills.

12 *And*. Sb, but.

Enter Bertran, attended, and whispering with a Courtier, aside.

Bertran. I wou'd not have her think he dar'o
to love her ;

If he presume to own it, she's so proud,
He tempts his certain ruin.

20

Alph. (to Pedro). Mark how disdainfully he
throws his eyes on us.

Our old imprison'd king wore no such looks.

Ped. O ! wou'd the general shake off his
dotage

To th' usurping queen,

And re-inthroned good venerable Sancho,

25

I'll undertake, shou'd Bertran sound his trum-
pets,

And Torrismond but whistle through his fingers,
He draws his army off.

Alph. I told him so ;
But had an answer louder than a storm.

Ped. Now, plague and pox on his smock-
loyalty !

30

I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
Made sour and senseless, turn'd to whey by
love ;

A driveling hero, fit for a romance.

O, here he comes ! what will their greeting be ?

23-24 O ! . . . queen. As one line, Qq.

34 greeting. Sb, greetings.

*Enter Torrismond, attended: Bertran and he meet
and juggle.*

Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant
pass. 35

Torrismond. I make my way, where e'er I see
my foe ;

But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.
I have no Moores behind me.

Bert. Death and hell !
Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man ! 40

Enter Teresa.

Teresa. My lords, you are too loud so near
the queen ;
You, Torrismond, have much offended her ;
'Tis her command you instantly appear,
To answer your demeanour to the prince.

*Exit Teresa ; Bertran with his company
follow her.*

Tor. O Pedro, O Alphonso, pity me ! 45
A grove of pikes,
Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadfull as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
And, like a lion press'd upon the toyles, 50
Leap on your hunters ; speak your actions boldly ;
There is a time when modest vertue is
Allow'd to praise it self.

Perd. Heart! you were hot enough, too hot,
but now;

Your fury then boil'd upward to a fume; 55
But since this message came, you sink and settle,
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas! thou know'st not what it is to
love!

When we behold an angel, not to fear
Is to be impudent; no, I'm resolved; 60
Like a led victim, to my death I'll goe,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II]

*The scene draws, and shews the Queen sitting in state;
Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c.
She rises, and comes to the front.*

Queen (to Bertran). I blame not you, my lord;
my father's will,

Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of sovereign pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cause why Torrismond,
Within my palace walls, within my hearing, 5
Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more then you
can pay;

And looks as he were lord of humane kind.

Co. L. Q2, 1s it. Scene II. This heading is absent in Q2, Sb.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.

Teresa. Madam, the general. —

Qu. Let me view him well. 10

My father sent him early to the frontiers;
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.
But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
The haughty port, the fiery arrogance? 15
By all these marks, this is not, sure, the man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with
tumult,
Whose fierce demeanour and whose insolence
The patience of a god cou'd not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my lord, and he shall
have 20

Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, shou'd I speak
it,

That my presumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. (aside). Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your allegiance, Torris-
mond, 21

By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. (kneeling). O, seek not to convince me
of a crime

Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who thus commanded dares to speak, 30
Unless commanded wou'd have dy'd in silence.
But you adjur'd me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows
favour;

Desert I've none, for what I did was duty; 35
Oh that it were! that it were duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? Proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub 40
To break his dreadful fall, — so I —
But whither am I going? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauties pomp,
He draws me to his dart. — I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the cure of hellebore. 45
Whips, darkness, dungeons, for this insolence!

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.

Qu. You're both too bold. You, Torris-
mond, withdraw;

I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.
For you, my lord, — 50

The priest to morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you. —
So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points ?
 Doubling and turning like an hunted hare. 55
 Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's ? backward
 and forward, the whole sex in every word. In
 my conscience, when she was getting, her mother
 was thinking of a riddle. 60

Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.

Qu. Hast, my Teresa, hast, and call him
 back.

Ter. Whom, madam ?

Qu. Him.

Ter. Prince Bertran ?

Qu. Torrismond ;

There is no other he.

Ter. (aside). A rising sun,
 Or I am much deceiv'd. *Exit Teresa.*

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever
 feel ! 65

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,
 And bore me in a moment far from shore.
 I've lov'd away my self ; in one short hour
 Already am I gon an age of passion.
 Was it his youth, his valour, or success ? 70
 These might, perhaps, be found in other men :
 'Twas that respect, that awfull homage pay'd
 me ;
 That fearfull love which trembled in his eyes,

And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But, when he spoke, what tender words he said! 75
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.—

Enter Teresa with Torrismond.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire. (*Aside.*) Oh heavens
that I must speak

So distant from my heart! —

(*To Torrismond.*) How now! What boldness
brings you back again? 80

Tor. I heard 'twas your command.

Qu. A fond mistake,

To credit so unlikely a command;

And you return, full of the same presumption,
T'affront me with your love!

Tor. If 'tis presumption for a wretch condemn'd, 85

To throw himself beneath his judge's feet:

A boldness more than this I never knew;

Or, if I did, 'twas onely to your foes.

Qu. You wou'd insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess 90
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who cou'd dare to disavow his
crime,

When that for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,

78 *heavens.* Q1, heaven's; Q2, Q3, Q4, heav'ns.

He bears about him still ! My eyes confess it.
My every action speaks my heart aloud. 95
But oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet ! and all together cry, —
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My father with his dying voice bequeath'd
My crown and me to Bertran ? And dare you, 100
A private man, presume to love a queen ?

Tor. That, that's the wound ! I see you set
so high,
As no desert or services can reach.
Good heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's
soul,
And crusted it with base plebeian clay ? 105
Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp 'em ? Sure, my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplac'd
In fate's eternal volume ! — But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night, 110
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, Torrismond, you've not so ill de-
serv'd

But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. (aside). Nor I, heav'n knows !

Tor. There is a pleasure, sure, 115
In being mad, which none but madmen know.

Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must onely
hear 120

From Bertran's mouth; they shou'd displease
from you :

I say they shou'd; but women are so vain
To like the love, though they despise the lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair, — I pity you. 125

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my joy;
But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one thought: let me remember pity,
And, so deceiv'd, think all my life was bless'd. 130

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms?
If that wou'd help, I cou'd cast in a tear
To your misfortunes.

Tor. A tear! You have o'erbid all my past
sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no queen — 135
Or you of royal blood —

Tor. What have I lost by my fore-father's
fault!

Why was not I the twenty'th by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings?

Love! what a poor omnipotence hast thou, 140
When gold and titles buy thee?

Qu. (*sighs*). Oh, my torture! —

Tor. Might I presume, — but oh, I dare not
hope

That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid
you

To make the best construction for your love. 145

Be secret and discreet; these fayery favours
Are lost when not conceal'd; provoke not
Bertran.

Retire; I must no more but this, — hope,
Torrismond. *Exit Queen.*

Tor. She bids me hope; oh heav'ns, she pities
me!

And pity still foreruns approaching love, 150
As lightning does the thunder! Tune your
harps,

Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.

Hence, all my griefs and every anxious care;
One word and one kind glance can cure despair. 155

Exit Torrismond.

SCENE [III]. *A Chamber. A Table and Wine
set out.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. This may hit ; 'tis more then barely possible ; for fryars have free admittance into every house. This Jacobin, whom I have sent to, is her confessor ; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp ? I'll try for
once ; I'll bribe him high ; for commonly none
love money better than they who have made a
vow of poverty. 5

Enter Servant.

Servant. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming up, sir ; he saies he's but a fryar, 10
but he's big enough to be a pope ; his gills are as rosie as a turkey-cock ; his great belly walks in state before him like an harbinger ; and his gouty legs come limping after it : never was such a tun of devotion seen. 15

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, father.

Dominic. Peace be here ; I thought I had been sent for to a dying man ; to have fitted him for
another world. 20

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking

Scene III. No numeral in Qq ; Sb, Scene II.

such long journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you, sir, if those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, 25
with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign, by your wan complexion, and your thin joul's, father. Come, to our better acquaintance : — here's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow. *Drinks.* 30

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring : I'll doe you reason. *Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father ?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best : I'll consider of it once again. (*Drinks.*) It has 35
a most delicious flavour with it. Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son ; I am not us'd to be so unmannerly.

Drinks again.

Lor. No, I'll be sworn, by what I see of you, you are not : — to the bottom. — I warrant him 40
a true churchman. — Now, father, to our business : 'tis agreeable to your calling ; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity ; 'tis a comfortable subject. 45

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good Saint Dominic.

35-36 *It has . . . it.* As separate line, Qq ; as prose, Sb.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better ; he's a sure card ; I never knew him fail 50
his votaries.

Lor. Troth, I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I scap'd with life and plunder, I wou'd present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the in- 55
fidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him ; Saint Dominic loves charity exceedingly ; that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty ; and I scorn to 60
wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story, I enquir'd among the Jacobins for an almoner, and the general fame has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man :—here are fifty good pieces in this purse. 65

Dom. How, fifty pieces ? 'tis too much, too much, in conscience.

Lor. Here, take 'em, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not ; do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty. 70

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you ; for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending ; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor old man ? (*Takes the purse.*) As 75

52 *e'en.* Sb, also.

53 *scap'd.* Sb, escaped.

I said, 'tis too great a bounty; but Saint Dominic shall owe you another scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him till the next battle. But you may doe me 80
a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I alwaies lov'd the female saints. 85

Lor. I mean, a female-mortal-married-woman-saint; look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez his wife.

Gives him a letter.

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghostly father. 90

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous —

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very quintessence 95
of jealousie! he keeps no male creature in his house; and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you; I am her director and 100
her guide in spiritual affairs: but he has his humours with me too; for t'other day he call'd me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copy-¹⁰⁵ hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel.— My letter, father —

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charit-¹¹⁰ ably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lye dormant in it, for more charities. ¹¹⁵

Dom. That must not be; not a farthing more, upon my priesthood.— But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter? that, I confess, a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you. ¹²⁰

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents; and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn ¹²⁵ not to take them; they shall not be altogether fifty; — your mistress — forgive me, that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira — lives but at next door: I'll visit her immediately; but not a word more of the nine and forty ¹³⁰ pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs. —
Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send
by the church is certainly the dearest road in
Christendom.

Exeunt. 135

SCENE [IV]. *A Chamber.*

[*Enter*] *Gomez* [*and*] *Elvira*.

Gomez. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine;
I'll have none stirring within these walls these
twelve months.

Elvira. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd,
the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn 5
the knack to fast a days; you have us'd me to
fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsey answers me! Oh, 'tis
a most notorious hilding.

Elv. (*crying*). But was ever poor innocent 10
creature so hardly dealt with for a little harm-
less chat?

Gom. Oh, the impudence of this wicked sex!
Lascivious dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how 15
the battle pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentle-
woman; you were not asking news of a battle
past; you were engaging for a skirmish that
was to come.

20

Scene IV. No numeral in Qq; Sb, Scene III.

Elv. An honest woman wou'd be glad to hear that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. (*in her tone*). And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, 25 to offer yourself to be his chirurgion;—then you did not describe your husband to him for a covetous, jealous, rich, old huncks.

Elv. No, I need not; he describes himself sufficiently; but in what dream did I doe this? 30

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel Hernando—

Elv. Who, dear husband, who? 35

Gom. What the devil have I said? You wou'd have farther information, wou'd you?

Elv. No; but my dear little old man, tell me now, that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure your self; be confin'd, I say, during our royal pleasure; but, first, down on your marrow-bones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgment of your offences; for I will have ample satisfaction. 40

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission; but I'll complain to my ghostly father. 45

Gom. Ay, there's your remedy; when you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbidge: he must chucle you and moan you; but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day, — (*enter Dominic*) — and make him know he's the son of a — (*sees him.*) 55
So; — no sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle.

Dominic. Son of a what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church; I hope there's no harm in that, father. 60

Dom. I will lay up your words for you, till time shall serve; and to morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. (aside). There's no harm in that; she shall fast too; fasting saves money. 65

Dom. (to Elvira). What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. (aside). O horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; 70
there's a priest for you!

Elv. (to Dominic). I wish, father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly. 75

Dom. (aside). This goes well: — Gomez, stand

you at a distance, — farther yet, — stand out of ear-shot; — I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. (aside). Was ever man thus priest-ridden? wou'd the steeple of his church were in his belly; I am sure there's room for it.

Elv. I am asham'd to acknowledg my infirmities; but you have been alwaies an indulgent father, and therefore I will venture to — 85 and yet I dare not. —

Dom. Nay, if you are bashfull; — if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon —

Elv. You know my husband is a man in 90 years; but he's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent; but his humours are more intolerable then his age; he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, 95 has forc'd me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good: hold, hold; I meant abominable. — (*Aside.*) Pray heaven this be my colonel!

Elv. I have seen this man, father, and have 100 encourag'd his addresses; he's a young gentleman, a souldier, of a most winning carriage: and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (aside). 'Tis he, for certain;—she¹⁰⁵ has sav'd the credit of my function, by speaking first; now must I take gravity upon me.

Gom. (aside). This whispering bodes me no good, for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the lash that I dare not interrupt him. ¹¹⁰

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it; a miserable woman it has made me; but you know, father, a marriage-vow is but a thing¹¹⁵ of course, which all women take when they wou'd get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing; and 'tis good to keep it:—but, notwithstanding, it may be broken upon some occasions.—Have¹²⁰ you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow-maker; but he's a greater vow-¹²⁵ breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive alwaies; but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer.—Now, gentle-¹³⁰ woman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical down-cast look:—

enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can doe no less, in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing¹³⁵ malapert? will you force me to make use of my authority? your wife's a well dispos'd and virtuous lady; I say it *in verbo sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to doe, father; I find my self in a most desperate condition; and so is¹⁴⁰ the colonel, for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know; 'tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom, — in a lawfull way,¹⁴⁵ I mean: of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a woman's eye, and, furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel Hernando.

Elv. Ay, and my colonel too, father: — I¹⁵⁰ am overjoy'd! — and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he press'd a letter upon me, within¹⁵⁵ this hour, to deliver to you; I confess I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear father, let me have it, or I shall dye!

Gom. Whispering still ! A pox of your close committee ! I'll listen, I'm resolved.

Steales nearer.

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, use your discretion ; but, for my part, I wash my hands on't. — What make you listning¹⁶⁵ there ? Get farther off ; I preach not to thee, thou wicked eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

¹⁷⁰

Dom. At your peril be it, then. I have told you the ill consequences ; & *liberavi animam meam*. — Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails, in that¹⁷⁵ case the carnal may be us'd. — You are a tender child, you are, and must not be put into despair ; your heart is as soft and melting as your hand.

He strokes her face, takes her by the hand, and gives the letter.

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you goe beyond your¹⁸⁰ commission ; palming is alwaies held foul play amongst gamesters.

¹⁶¹ *whispering still.* As stage-direction, Qq.

¹⁶⁵ *on't.* Sb, of it. *make.* Sb, makes.

¹⁷⁵ *fails.* Q2, Sb, fail.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men; you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate. 185

Gom. (aside). Ah, devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in excommunication than the church's censure, a wise man wou'd lick his conscience whole with a wet finger; but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd, and then 190 there's no calling in my money.

Elv. (rising). I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately, for I know his lodgings by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part; but I 195 wish your intentions be honest. Remember that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will dye unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity; and actions of 200 charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farwell, daughter. — Gomez, cherish your vertuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction. *Going.*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, — 205 that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way. Fryars wear not their long sleeves for nothing. — Oh, 'tis a Judas Iscariot.

Exit after the Fryar.

190 *then.* Omitted by Sb.

Elv. This fryar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business, and yet he does it all.

*Pray, wives and virgins, at your time of need,
For a true guide of my good father's breed.*

Exit Elvira.

The End of the Second Act.

This . . . Act. Only in Qx.

ACT III

SCENE [I]. *The Street.*

[*Enter*] *Lorenzo in Fryars habit, meeting Dominic.*

Lorenzo. Father Dominic, father Dominic;
why in such hast, man?

Dominic. It shou'd seem, a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am onely your brother in iniquity; my holiness, like yours, is meer out-side. 5

Dom. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love, almighty love; that which turn'd Jupiter into a town-bull, has transform'd me into a fryar; I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer 10
to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my message faithfully; I am a fryar of honour, where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your hint; the other fifty 15
pieces are ready to be condemn'd to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit that in all ages, has been friendly to fornication; you have begun the design in this cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish 20

Scene I. No numeral in Qq.

18 'Tis. Sb, It is.

it. The husband is absent, that evil counsellour is remov'd, and the sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you; fare you well, fare you 25 well, son! Ah—

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking; we are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will 30 not go.

Lor. You may stay, father, but no fifty pounds without it; that was onely promis'd in the bond: "But the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-named father, father Dominic, do 35 not well and faithfully perform" —

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your myrmidon, and enter. 40

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.

Elvira. He'll come, that's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet; — well, if I prove frail, —

38 *presence. Sb, person.*

Scene II. Absent in Qq.

as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my
design, — never woman had such a husband to 5
provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such
a confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid,
then? not my conscience, that's safe enough;
my ghostly father has given it a dose of church
opium to lull it; well, for soothing sin, I'll say 10
that for him, he's a chaplain for any court in
Christendom.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O father Dominic, what news? How, a com-
panion with you! What game have you in hand,
that you hunt in couples? 15

Lorenzo (lifting up his hood). I'll shew you
that immediately.

Elv. O my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul!

They embrace. 20

Dominic. I am taken on the sudden with a
grievous swimming in my head and such a mist
before my eyes that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfort-
able water. 25

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open air will
doe me good. I'll take a turn in your garden;
but remember that I trust you both, and do
not wrong my good opinion of you.

Exit Dominic.

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which 30
you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on
the sudden he cannot see; for my mind mis-
gives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal.

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience, I'll be
sworn; you see, madam, 'tis interest governs 35
all the world; he preaches against sin; why?
because he gets by't; he holds his tongue;
why? because so much more is bidden for his
silence.

Elv. And so much for the fryar. 40

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproch me
justly, that I neglect the subject which brought
me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run
to see you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd 45
inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us
consider why we are alone. Do you think the
fryar left us together to tell beads? Love is a
kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his 50
opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-
hearted treasurer; for he bolts out on the
sudden, and if you take him not in the nick,
he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have 55
done loving me? You men are all like watches,

35 *'tis*. Sb, it is.

wound up for striking twelve immediately ; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of single one.

Lor. How, madam ! Do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence ?

Elv. No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes are serv'd up in order ; you are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry clown ; trust my management, good colonel, and call not for your dessert too soon ; believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloies the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me ; what am I to undertake or suffer e'er I can be happy ?

Elv. I must first be satisfied, that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy ! by these dear eyes ! —

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations ; I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me ; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition —

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes ; in few words, if you love

59 *single.* Sb, a single.

82 *in few.* Sb, in a few.

65 *an hungry.* Sb, a hungry.

me, as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love, can carry 83 us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook ; have with you, lady mine ; I take you at your word ; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once 90 who can foot it farthest ; there are hedges in summer, and barns in winter, to be found ; I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back ; we'll leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves ; and travel till we come 95 to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.
He takes her hand, and kisses it.

Lor. In sign and token whereof, the parties 100 interchangeably, and so forth — when should I be weary of sealing upon this soft-wax ?

Elv. O heavens ! I hear my husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gomez. Where are you, gentlewoman ? there's something in the wind, I'm sure, because your 105 woman would have run up stairs before me ; but I have secur'd her below, with a gag in her chaps — now, in the devil's name, what makes this fryar here again ? I do not like these fre-

quent conjunctions of the flesh and spirit ; they 110
are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father ; my husband,
you see, is in an ill humour, and I would not
have you witness of his folly. *Lorenzo going.*

Gom. (running to the door). By your rever- 115
ence's favour, hold a little ; I must examin you
something better, before you go.—Hiday !
who have we here ? Father Dominic is shrunk
in the wetting two yards and a half about the
belly ; what are become of those two timber- 120
loggs, that he us'd to wear for leggs, that stood
strutting like the two black posts before a door ?
I am afraid some bad body has been setting him
over a fire in a great cauldron, and boil'd him
down half the quantity, for a receipt ; this is 125
no father Dominic, no huge over-grown abbey-
lubber ; this is but a diminutive sucking fryar ;
as sure as a gun, now, father Dominic has been
spawning this young slender anti-christ.

Elv. (aside). He will be found ; there's no 130
prevention.

Gom. Why does he not speak ? What ! Is
the fryar possess'd with a dumb devil ? If he
be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a novice in his order, and is 135
injoin'd silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quotha ! you would make a

novice of me too, if you could; but what was his business here? Answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

146

Elv. What shou'd it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions.

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb preacher; this will not pass; I must examin the contents of him a little closer; O thou confessor, confess who thou art, or thou art no fryar of this world!

He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a sword; Gomez starts back.

As I live, this is a manifest member of the church militant.

Lor. (aside). I am discover'd; now, impudence be my refuge.—Yes, faith, 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou seest I use thee like a friend; this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What! Colonel Hernando turn'd a fryar! Who could have suspected you for so much godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excuse the blunderbusses for not

155 for. Sb, of.

being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old 165
unkindness: I was upon the frolick this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my wife, or so. 170

Lor. Right; thou speakest my very soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a friend, then, to help thee out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse—but as I remember, you promis'd to storm my citadel, and bring 175
your regiment of red locusts upon me for free quarter; I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world, as well as red.

Elv. (aside). When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for? 180

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest, kind man; I was resolved I wou'd not out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But, colonel, you and I shall 185
talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by the way of plaintiff and defendant; your excuses want

177 *quarter.* Sb, quarters.

some grains to make 'em currant : hum and ha will not do the business — there's a modest lady ¹⁹⁰ of your acquaintance ; she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame Nature working in her body to youthfull appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it ¹⁹⁵ were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the vertues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided. 200

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have serv'd the turn ; O thou epitome of thy vertuous ²⁰⁵ sex ! Madam Messalina the second, retire to thy appartment ; I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience.

Exit Elvira.

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I ²¹⁰ thought you ; we may meet before we come to the bar, we may ; and our differences may be decided by other weapons then by lawyers tongues ; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to dye a natural death, and go to hell ²¹⁵ on your bed ; Bilbo is the word, remember that, and tremble —

He's going out.

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? where are you, in the name of goodness? my mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer²²⁰ with your selves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. (aside). The devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the shame he ow'd me; and now the fryar is coming in for his part too. ²²⁵

Dom. (seeing Gomez). Bless my eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making; I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess, I am astonish'd! ²³⁰

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your head-piece, and his limbs, have done my business. — Nay, do not look so strangely; remember your own words, "Here will be fine work at your next confession";²³⁵ what naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? — when the hypocritical rogue had trusted 'em a full quarter of an hour; — and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms. ²⁴⁰

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions; the naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left

²⁴³ meant. Q2, Q3, Q4, mean.

together with great animosities on both sides; now, that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez, 245 — that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together; you might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new confessions. 250

Lor. (aside). Well said, I faith, fryar; thou art come off thy self, but poor I am left in limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other foord, good father, you shall catch no gudgeons here; look upon the 255 prisoner at the bar, fryar, and inform the court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man but a reverend brother of our 260 order, whose profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-265 maker in all Spain.

Dom. O impudence! O rogue! O villain! Nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments, for a cover-shame of lewdness? 270

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father:

when a swindging sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a fryar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep, — puts out his horns to doe a mischief, and then shrinks 'em²⁷⁵ back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

Lor. (aside). It's best marching off, while I can retreat with honour; there's no trusting this fryar's conscience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the devil, and is²⁸⁰ in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy robes; this is the old church-trick; the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly²⁸⁵ hang'd for it.

Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your leader, fryar; your colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind me; gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my²⁹⁰ house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment shou'd fall upon you, for your want of reverence to your spiritual director: slander, covetousness, and jealousie will weigh thee down.

²⁹⁵

Gom. Put pride, hypocrisie, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me; nay, and sins come to be divided once, the

²⁷² *swindging.* Sb, swinging.

clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves
the laity a tythe.

300

Dom. How darest thou reproch the tribe of
Levi?

Gom. Marry, because you make us lay-men
of the tribe of Issachar; you make asses of us,
to bear your burthens; when we are young, you 305
put paniers upon us with your church discipline;
and when we are grown up, you load us with a
wife; after that, you procure for other men, and
then you load our wives too; a fine phrase you
have amongst you to draw us into marriage, you 310
call it settling of a man; just as when a fellow
has got a sound knock upon the head, they say
he's settled: marriage is a settling blow in-
deed. They say everything in the world is good
for something; as a toad to suck up the venom 315
of the earth; but I never knew what a fryar was
good for, till your pimping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slan-
derer; thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there 320
of your planting. (*Exit Dominic.*) Lord, Lord,
that men should have sense enough to set snares
in their warrens to catch pol-cats and foxes, and
yet —

Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay, 325
For holy vermin that in houses prey.

Exit Gomez.

SCENE [III]. *A Bedchamber.*[*Enter the*] *Queen* [*and*] *Teresa.**Teresa.* You are not what you were, since
yesterday ;

Your food forsakes you, and your needfull rest ;
You pine, you languish, love to be alone ;
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh :
When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet, 5
But, when you see him not, you are in pain.

Queen. O let 'em never love who never try'd !
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd ;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond. 10
I went to bed, and to my self I thought
That I wou'd think on Torrismond no more
Then shut my eyes, but cou'd not shut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each corner of my bed,
To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost. 15
Fev'rish for want of rest, I rise, and walk'd,
And by the moon-shine to the windows went ;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, e'er I was aware, sigh'd to my self, 20
" There fought my Torrismond."

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you
love ?

Scene III. No numeral in Qq.

16 rise. Sh, rose.

The people will be glad, the souldier shout,
And Bertran, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new love, 25
As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
That crackles underneath 'em while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill!
Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks, I stand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an ague fit; 30
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
A drowzie slumber, rather than a sleep,
Seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn. 35
Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, Torrismond appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the billows heads, 40
Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore.

Ter. This dream portends some ill which you
shall scape;
Wou'd you see fairer visions? Take this night
Your Torrismond within your arms to sleep;
And, to that end, invent some apt pretence 45
To break with Bertran: 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occasion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him ;
For, see, he comes ; how gloomily he looks !
If he, as I suspect, have found my love, 50
His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
And me with means to part.

Bertran (aside). Shall I upbraid her ? Shall I
call her false ?

If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My genius whispers me, " Be cautious, Bertran ! 55
Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadfull height, with scanty room to tread."

Qu. What bus'ness have you at the court, my
lord ?

Bert. What bus'ness, madam ?

Qu. Yes, my lord, what bus'ness ?
'Tis somewhat, sure, of weighty consequence, 60
That brings you here so often and unsent for.

Bert. (aside). 'Tis what I fear'd ; her words
are cold enough

To freeze a man to death. — May I presume
To speak, and to complain ?

Qu. They who complain to princes think 'em
tame : 65

What bull dare bellow, or what sheep dares bleat,
Within the lion's den ?

66 *dare . . . dares* Q3, Q4, *dare . . . dare* ; Sb, *dares . . . dares.*

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in
mind

Of promis'd blessings ; for they then are debts.

Qu. My lord, Heav'n knows its own time
when to give ;

70

But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, madam ;
But as when men in sickness lingring lye,
They count the tedious hours by months and
years,

So every day deferr'd, to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain !

75

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you
mine ?

My father's promise ties me not to time ;
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound ;
Love is the freest motion of our minds ;
O, cou'd you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion
doubled,

80

Both as a queen and mistress ; if you leave me,
Know I can dye, but dare not be displeas'd.

85

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord ;
Or give me cause to think that when you lost
Three battels to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

83 *you might.* Sb, might you.

Bert. I did my best ;
Fate was not in my power. 98

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave ; but they who
blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause 99
To know I am no coward. *He is going.*

Qu. Bertran, stay.
(*Aside.*) This may produce some dismal consequence

To him, whom dearer then my life I love.
(*To him.*) Have I not manag'd my contrivance
well,

To try your love, and make you doubt of mine ? 100

Bert. Then, was it but a tryal ?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask my self if yet I wake. —

(*Aside.*) This turns too quick to be without design ;

I'll sound the bottom of't, e'er I believe. 105

Qu. I find your love, and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast ;
I fear my people's faith ;
That hot mouth'd beast, that bears against the
curb,

Bert. This 'tis to have a vertue out of season.
Mercy is good, a very good dull vertue ;
But kings mistake its timeing, and are mild
When manly courage bids 'em be severe : 135
Better be cruel once then anxious ever ;
Remove this threatning danger from your crown,
And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. (walking aside). Ha ! let me think of
that : — the man I love ?

'Tis true, this murther is the onely means 140
That can secure my throne to Torrismond.
Nay, more, this execution, done by Bertran,
Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. (aside). The more she thinks, 'twill
work the stronger in her.

Qu. (aside). How eloquent is mischief to per-
suade ! 145

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable, nor do I ;
If then I break divine and humane laws,
No bribe but love cou'd gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing.

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment, 150
And I a woman, ignorant and weak ;
I leave it all to you ; think, what you doe,
You doe for him I love.

Bert. (aside). For him she loves ?
She nam'd not me ; that may be Torrismond,

Whom she has thrice in private seen this day; 155
Then I am fairly caught in my own snare.
I'll think again. — Madam, it shall be done,
And mine be all the blame. *Exit Bertran.*

Qu. O that it were! I wou'd not doe this
crime,
And yet, like heaven, permit it to be done. 160
The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will;
Will to doe what — but what heaven first de-
creed?

Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal causes they proceed;
Our passions, — fear and anger, love and hate, — 165
Meer senseless engines that are mov'd by fate;
Like ships on stormy seas, without a guide,
Tost by the winds, and driven by the tyde.

Enter Torrismond.

Torrismond. Am I not rudely bold, and press
too often
Into your presence, madam? If I am — 170

Qu. No more, lest I shou'd chide you for
your stay:
Where have you been? and how cou'd you sup-
pose
That I cou'd live these two long hours without
you?

Tor. O words to charm an angel from his
orb!

Welcome, as kindly showers to long parch'd
earth! 175

But I have been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er
cheers,

Bound in with darkness, over-spread with damps;
Where I have seen (if I cou'd say I saw)
The good old king, majestick in his bonds, 180
And 'midst his griefs most venerably great;
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapors, he lay stretch'd along
Upon the unwholesom earth, his eyes fix'd up-
ward;

And ever and anon a silent tear 185
Stole down, and trickl'd from his hoary beard.

Qu. O heaven, what have I done!—my
gentle love,

Here end thy sad discourse, and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearfull, melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight, 190
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts;
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close;
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes, 195
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear; you know not how you wound
my soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity
too?

He told me, when my father did return,
He had a wondrous secret to disclose : 200
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son ;
He prais'd my courage ; pray'd for my success :
He was so true a father of his countrey,
To thank me for defending ev'n his foes,
Because they were his subjects. 205

Qu. If they be, then what am I ?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly
heaven.

Qu. And not your queen ?

Tor. You are so beautifull,

So wondrous fair, you justifie rebellion ;
As if that faultless face could make no sin, 210
But heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The king must dye, he must, my Torris-
mond,

Though pity softly plead within my soul ;
Yet he must dye, that I may make you great,
And give a crown in dowry with my love. 215

Tor. Perish that crown — on any head but
yours ! —

O, recollect your thoughts !

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last ;

A little longer, yet a little longer, 220

And nature drops him down without your sin,
Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.

Qu. Let me but doe this one injustice more.
His doom is past, and for your sake he dies.

Tor. Wou'd you for me have done so ill an
act,

225

And will not doe a good one?

Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in
heaven,

O, spare this great, this good, this aged king,
And spare your soul the crime!

Qu. The crime's not mine;
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by Ber-
tran,

230

Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me;
I, to inhanse his ruin, gave no leave,
But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the
crime;

Think, timely think, on the last dreadfull day, 235
How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
And formost in the rank of guilty ghosts
That must be doom'd for murther; think on
murther;

That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun
that band,

240

As far more black, and more forlorn then they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible ; it shakes, it staggers me ;
I knew this truth, but I repell'd that thought.
Sure there is none but fears a future state ;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not, 245
Their trembling hearts bely their boasting
tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to Bertran ; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis per-
formed. *Exit Teresa.*

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him !
Furies drag him ! 250

Fiends tear him ! blasted be the arm that strook,
The tongue that order'd ! — onely she be spar'd,
That hindred not the deed ! O, where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings ?
Why slept the lightning and the thunder-bolts, 255
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd 'em here ?

Qu. Sleep that thought too ;
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall ;
And, since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never shall it be forgotten ! 260
High heaven will not forget it ; after ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours ;
And bloud shall never leave the nation more !

Qu. His body shall be royally interr'd,

And the last funeral pomps adorn his hearse; 265
I will my self (as I have cause too just),
Be the chief mourner at his obsequies ;
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The solemn marks of mourning, to atone
And expiate my offences.

Tor. Nothing can, 270
But bloody vengeance on that traitor's head, —
Which, dear departed spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our
joys :
Love calls, my Torrismond ; though hate has
rag'd,
And rul'd the day, yet love will rule the night. 275
The spitefull stars have shed their venom down,
And now the peacefull planets take their turn.
This deed of Bertran's has remov'd all fears,
And giv'n me just occasion to refuse him.
What hinders now but that the holy priest 280
In secret join our mutual vows ? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be still, my sorrows, and be loud, my
joys.
Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
Thou furious tempest, that hast tost my mind, 285
And leave no thought but Leonora there. —
What's this I feel, aboding in my soul,

270 *offences.* Sb, offence.

287 *soul.* Mark of interrogation after this, Q1, Q2.

As if this day were fatal? be it so;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my love;
My joys are gloomy, but withall are great; 296
The lion, though he sees the toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, scowrs away,
Hunts in the face of danger all the day;
At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er
his prey. *Exeunt ambo.*

The End of the Third Act.

288 *fatal*. Semicolon after this, Q1, Q2.
The . . . Act. Only in Q1.

ACT IV

SCENE [I]. *Before Gomez his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, and two Souldiers at a distance.

Dominic. I'll not wag an ace farther: the whole world shall not bribe me to it; for my conscience will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lorenzo. How, thy conscience not digest 'em! 5
There's ne'er a fryar in Spain can show a conscience that comes near it for digestion; it digested pimping when I sent thee with my letter, and it digested perjury when thou swor'st thou didst not know me; I'm sure it has digested me 10
fifty pound of as hard gold as is in all Barbary; prithy, why shouldst thou discourage fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; — 15
phau; no — (*Spits.*) — I do not love a pretty girl — you are so waggish! — (*Spits again.*)

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defama- 20

Scene I. No numeral in Qq.

11 pound. Sb, pounds.

tion, colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body with hunting after unlawfull game.

Lor. Why, there's the satisfaction on't. 25

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murther, and murther to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, fryar: I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy superiours, for what 30 thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolv'd to forswear it, if you doe; let me advise you better, colonel, then to accuse a church-man to a church-man; in the common cause we are all of a piece; we hang together. 35

Lor. (aside). If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, 40 and bribe my conscience: you shall be summon'd by an host of paratours; you shall be sentenc'd in the spiritual court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd; — and — 45

Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plaies with it, and at last lets the purse fall chinking on the ground, which the Fryar eyes.

(*In another tone.*) I say, a man might doe this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity : but, considering that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I would 50 rather dye a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

Lorenzo takes up the purse, and poures it into the Fryar's sleeve.

Nay, good sir ; — nay, dear colonel ; — O Lord, sir, what are you doing now ! I profess this must not be : without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost ; pray, command me ; a jealous, 55 foul-mouth'd rogue this Gomez is ; I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too ; O, he's a bitter man ; but we'll join our forces ; ah, shall we, colonel ? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witness. 60

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door (for I must reveal it in confession to you) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two souldiers ? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance. 65

Dom. Let me alone ; I fear him not ; I am arm'd with the authority of my cloathing : yonder I see him keeping centry at his door : — have you never seen a citizen, in a cold morning, 70 clapping his sides, and walking forward and back-

ward a mighty pace before his shop? but I'll gain the pass in spite of his suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw 75
off the foxe's skin, and put on the lion's; come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me?

Soldier. Do not doubt us, colonel.

They retire all three to a corner of the stage;

Dominic goes to the door where Gomez stands.

Dom. Good even, Gomez; how does your wife? 80

Gomez. Just as you wou'd have her; thinking on nothing but her dear colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her; she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your 85
jealousie.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you 90
please, father; she has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer,
—she has profited so well already by your 95
counsel, that she can say her lesson without

your teaching; do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and ¹⁰⁰ it will not be convenient to disturb her.

Dominic offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely. ¹⁰⁵

Gom. Ay, whose good angels sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will doe her more good, ¹¹⁰ I'm sure; you know, she disburthen'd her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the ¹¹⁵ colonel, she may have occasion of confessing her self every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak; — why, ever since your last defeat. ¹²⁰

Dom. This can be but some slight indisposition; it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last ! I say, it will last, and it shall last ; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion ; 125 what ? I know the mind of her sickness a little better than you doe.

Dom. I find, then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of *ana's* ; those of my family 130 have the grace to dye cheaper ; in a word, Sir Dominic, we understand one anothers business here ; I am resolv'd to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance ; you may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you 135 please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with bell, book, and candle ; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated 140 after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his cardinals in the same manner, if they offer'd to see my wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the church, 145 if thou dost not open ; there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that : there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull ; and so I leave 150

you to recreate your self with the end of an old song — *And sorrow came to the old fryar.*

Exit Gomez.

Lorenzo comes to him.

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I over-heard part of it, and saw the conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last trump; the 155 fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Soldier. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unken-nel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring 160 out the lady; what say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the church — there is a proverb, I confess, which saies that dead-men tell no tales; 165 but let your souldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too! the wickedness of this old villain startles me, and gives me a twinge for my own sin, though it come far short of his; hark you, 170 souldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little; I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

161 *father?* Comma after this, Qq.

170 *come.* Sb, comes.

Lor. O miracle, the fryar is grown consci-175
entious!

Dom. The old king, you know, is just mur-
ther'd, and the persons that did it are unknown;
let the souldiers seize him for one of the assas-
sinates, and let me alone to accuse him after-180
wards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for
suspecting a fryar of the least good-nature; what,
wou'd you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongfull, *quoad* 185
hoc, as to the fact it self; but 'tis rightfull, *quoad*
hunc, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must
dispatch; he has rail'd against the church, which
is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand
kings; *omne majus continet in se minus*; he that 190
is an enemy to the church is an enemy unto
heaven; and he that is an enemy to heaven wou'd
have kill'd the king if he had been in the cir-
cumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongfull to
accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a church-man, if he were
personally offended, but he wou'd bring in heaven
by hook or crook into his quarrel. Souldiers, doe
as you were first order'd. *Exeunt Souldiers.* 195

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you 200
sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but

not altogether so mischievous; the people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen: 205 now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secur'd as a traitor; but he shall onely be a prisoner at the souldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be releas'd. 210

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church remedies; lie impudently, and swear devoutly, and, as you told 215 me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming.

They withdraw.

Enter the Souldiers, with Gomez struggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians! help, neighbours! my house is broken open by force, and I am ravish'd, and like to be assassinated! — What 220 do you mean, villains? will you carry me away, like a pedler's pack, upon your backs? will you murder a man in plain day-light?

First Soldier. No: but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the State. 225

Gom. Who, I in a plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a plot; why, how can you in

conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? there are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that²³⁰ are in plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him, away with him.

Gem. O my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no²³⁵ more of the plot than they that made it.

They carry him off, and exeunt.

Lor. Thus far have we sail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of Good Hope in sight; the trade wind is our own, if we can but double it. (*He looks out.*—*Aside.*) Ah, my²⁴⁰ father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company; there's no stirring till they are past.

Enter Elvira with a casket.

Elvira. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the adventure's ended, and²⁴⁵ the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; but stand panting, like a bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out,²⁵⁰ though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose, for²⁵⁵
there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance
that blocks up the passage at the corner of the
street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your
arm, daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear²⁶⁰
your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The fryar has an hawk's eye to gold and
jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance with-
out a fiddle, and provide better entertainment²⁶⁵
for us then hedges in summer and barns in
winter; here's the very heart, and soul, and life
bloud of Gomez; pawns in abundance, old gold
of widows, and new gold of prodigals, and pearls
and diamonds of court ladys, till the next bribe²⁷⁰
helps their husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and
the church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And faith, we'll drink the church's
health out of them. But all this while I stand²⁷⁵
on thorns. Prithe, dear, look out, and see if the
coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep,
for fear of being known.

*Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes run-
ning in upon her: she shrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recover'd

my own territories. — What do I see? I'm²⁸⁰
ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (*aside*). What a hopefull enterprize is
here spoil'd!

Gom. O colonel, are you there? and you,
fryar? nay then, I find how the world goes. ²⁸⁵

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy;
I heard thee crying out just now, and came
running in full speed with the wings of an eagle
and the feet of a tyger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are alwaies at hand to doe me²⁹⁰
a courtesie, with your eagle's feet, and your
tyger's wings; and what were you here for,
fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in
your behalf. ²⁹⁵

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentle-
woman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for
what end and purpose? ³⁰⁰

Elv. Onely to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors —

Elv. Onely to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence sum'd up among you;
thank you heartily; you are all my friends; the³⁰⁵
colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing
my voice, came in to save me; the friar, who

was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faith-³¹⁰ full wife runs out of doors to meet me, with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return; but if my father-in-law had not met your souldiers, colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I shou'd neither have found a³¹⁵ friend nor a fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for joy my self, for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us? 320

Gom. Such church-men as you wou'd make any man an infidel. — Get you into your kennel, gentlewoman; I shall thank you within-doors for your safe custody of my jewels and your own. *He thrusts his wife off the stage. Exit Elvira.* ³²⁵ As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall trie before a civil magistrate who's the greater plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the petticoate.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for³³⁰ some thing. *Beats him.*

Gom. Murther, murther! I give up the ghost! I am destroy'd! help, murther, murther!

Dom. Away, colonel; let us fly for our lives:

333 *I am.* Q2, Q3, Q4, I'm.

the neighbours are coming out with forks and³³⁵
fire-shovels and spits and other domestick
weapons; the militia of a whole alley is rais'd
against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt,
master usurer; the principal shall be paid you³⁴⁰
at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your souldiers had but dispatch'd
him, his tongue had been laid a-sleep, colonel;
but this comes of not following good counsel;
ah — *Exeunt Lor[enzo] and Fryar severally.*³⁴⁵

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him, if I dare; but
he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind mis-
gives me; I shall tremble when I have him be-
fore the judge; all my misfortunes come to-
gether; I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and³⁵⁰
ravish'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour;
my poor limbs smart, and my poor head akes:
ay, do, do, smart limb, ake head, and sprout
horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you:—
you must needs be married, must ye? there's³⁵⁵
for that — (*Beats his own head*) — and to a fine,
young, modish lady, must ye? there's for that
too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckhold!
take that remembrance;—a fine time of day for
a man to be bound prentice, when he is past³⁶⁰
using of his trade; to set up an equipage of
noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead

of her being under covert-baron, to be under covert-feme my self; to have my body disabl'd, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded 365 into a narrow box with a shrill trebble.

That with one blast through the whole house
does bound,
And first taught speaking-trumpets how to
sound. *Exit Gomez.*

SCENE [II]. *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, [and] Pedro.

Raymond. Are these, are these, ye powers, the
promis'd joys
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murther'd?
O that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears. 5

Alphonso. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis ob-
serv'd at court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your
return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent King Sancho's death.

Ray. What generous man can live with that
constraint 10
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter,

Scene II. No numeral in Qq.

A court like this ! can I sooth tyranny ?
Seem pleas'd to see my royal master murder'd,
His crown usurp'd, a distaff in the throne.
A council made of such as dare not speak, 15
And could not, if they durst ; whence honest men
Banish themselves, for shame of being there ;
A government, that, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home ?

Alph. Vertue must be thrown off ; 'tis a coarse
garment, 20

Too heavy for the sunshine of a court.

Ray. Well then, I will dissemble, for an end
So great, so pious, as a just revenge :
You'll join with me ?

Alph. No honest man but must.

Pedro. What title has this queen, but lawless
force ? 25

And force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case ;
Forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
Which most her soul abhors.

Ray. All she has done, or e'er can doe, of
good, 30
This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly gain your son to our de-
sign.

Ray. Your reason for't ?

15-19 *A* . . . *home*. Omitted in Q2.

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your tother face, the queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Ray. And that accursed Bertran 35
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Queen (to Bertran). Bury'd in private, and so
suddenly!

It crosses my design, which was t'allow
The rites of funeral fitting his degree, 40
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bertran. It was not safe;
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd:
Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gained his cause.

Qu. Then, was he loved? 45

Bert. O, never man so much, for saint-like
goodness.

Ped. (aside). Had bad men fear'd him but as
good men lov'd him,
He had not yet been sainted.

Qu. I wonder how the people bear his death.

Bert. Some discontent[s] there are; some idle
murmurs.

Ped. How, idle murmurs! Let me plainly 50
speak:

50 *discontents.* *Qi*, discontent; *Sb*, discontents.

The doors are all shut up ; the wealthier sort,
With arms a-cross, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops ;
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers
doors

55

To call in money ; those who have none, mark
Where money goes, for when they rise 'tis
plunder ;

The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths ;
Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some
make it ;

60

And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Ray. (aside). Pray heaven it may !

Bert. If one of you must fall,
Self-preservation is the first of laws ;
And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings, 65
They justify rebellion by that law,
As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one, 70
You'll make your self a tyrant ; let these know
By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprize me, to demand that
question :
But, since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by heaven, your head
shall answer 75

The forfeit of your tongue.

Ray. (aside). Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bad me.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bad me not in words;
The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder: 80
Yet this you said,
You were a woman, ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What if I said
I was a woman, ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex, 85
And play the devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toiles;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd,
Were you to make my doubts your own com-
mission?

Bert. This 'tis, to serve a prince too faith-
fully; 90
Who, free from laws himself, will have that
done

Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure disgrace;
And, if perform'd, to ruin.

Qu. This 'tis, to counsel things that are un-
just;

First, to debauch a king to break his laws 95
(Which are his safety), and then seek protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, just heaven,
When sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting
devil

More deep then those he tempted.

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers, 100
What man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare
To serve them ill when they are left to laws;
But when a counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to publick rage and hate; 105
O, 'tis an act as infamously base,
As should a common souldier skulk behind,
And thrust his general in the front of war;
It shews he onely serv'd himself before,
And had no sense of honour, country, king, 110
But center'd on himself, and us'd his master
As guardians do their wards, with shows of care,
But with intent to sell the publick safety,
And pocket up his prince.

Pedro (aside). Well said, i' faith;
This speech is e'en too good for an usurper. 115

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;
And had I not been sotted with my zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my sight!

The prince who bears an insolence like this
Is such an image of the powers above 120
As is the statue of the thundring god,
Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor single. *Exit Bertran cum suis.*

Queen to Raymond, who kisses her hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome !
I saw you not before ; one honest lord
Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers ; 125
How can I be too gratefull to the father
Of such a son as Torrismond ?

Ray. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my lord,
All have not paid that debt like noble Torris-
mond ;

You hear how Bertran brands me with a crime 130
Of which, your son can witness, I am free.
I sent to stop the murther, but too late ;
For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow :
The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity. 135

Ray. O cursed haste, of making sure a
sin ! —

Can you forgive the traytor ?

Qu. Never, never ;
'Tis written here in characters so deep

That seven years hence ('till then should I not
meet him),

And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence, 140
Ev'n from the holy altar to the block.

Ray. (aside). She's fir'd, as I would wish her;
aid me, Justice,

As all my ends are thine, to gain this point,
And ruin both at once. — (*To her.*) It wounds,
indeed,

To bear affronts too great to be forgiven, 145
And not have power to punish; yet one way
There is to ruin Bertran.

Qu. O, there's none;
Except an host from heaven can make such
haste

To save my crown as he will doe to seize it;
You saw, he came surrounded with his friends, 150
And knew, besides, our army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Ray. Yet you may give commission
To some bold man whose loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the train-bands of the city. 155

Qu. Gross feeders, lion talkers, lamb-like
fighters.

Ray. You do not know the virtues of your
city,
What pushing force they have; some popular
chief,

More noisie than the rest, but cries, "Halloo,"
And, in a trice, the bellowing herd come out; 160
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
And "One and all's" the word; true cocks of
th' game,

That never ask for what or whom they fight;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe,
Cry "Liberty!" and that's a cause of quarrel. 165

Qu. There may be danger in that boist'rous
rout;

Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But some new blast of wind may turn those
flames

Against my pallace walls?

Ray. But still their chief

Must be some one whose loyalty you trust. 170

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than
you,

Whose interests, though unknown to you, are
mine?

Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble;
He shall appear to head 'em.

Ray. (aside to Alphonso and Pedro). First seize
Bertran,

And then insinuate to them that I bring 175
Their lawfull prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawfull prince!

Ray. Fear not; I can produce him.

Ped. (to *Alphonso*). Now we want your son
 Lorenzo : what a mighty faction
 Would he make for us of the city wives,
 With, "ô dear husband, my sweet honey hus-
 band, 180
 Won't you be for the colonel ? if you love me,
 Be for the colonel ; ô, he's the finest man ! "

Exeunt Alphonso [and] Pedro.

Ray. (*aside*). So, now we have a plot behind
 the plot ;
 She thinks she's in the depth of my design,
 And that it's all for her ; but time shall show, 185
 She onely lives to help me ruin others,
 And last, to fall her self.

Qu. Now to you, Raymond : can you guess no
 reason
 Why I repose such confidence in you ?
 You needs must think 190
 There's some more powerfull cause then loy-
 alty :
 Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush ?
 Must I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond
 That all this grace is shown ?

Ray. (*aside*). By all the powers, worse, worse
 then what I fear'd ! 195

Qu. And yet what need I blush at such a
 choice ?

185 *it's*. Sb, 'tis.

193 *Must*. Sb, Need.

I love a man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my inclination gives
What gratitude would force ; ô, pardon me ;
I ne'er was covetous of wealth before ; 200
Yet think so vast a treasure as your son
Too great for any private man's possession ;
And him too rich a jewel to be set
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

Ray. Arm me with patience, heaven !

Qu. How, patience, Raymond ? 205
What exercise of patience have you here ?
What find you in my crown to be condemn'd ;
Or in my person loath'd ? Have I, a queen,
Past by my fellow-rulers of the world,
Whose vying crowns lay glittering in my way, 210
As if the world were pav'd with diadems ?
Have I refus'd their bloud, to mix with yours,
And raise new kings from so obscure a race,
Fate scarce knew where to find them when I
call'd ?

Have I heap'd on my person, crown, and state, 215
To load the scale, and weigh'd my self with
earth,

For you to spurn the balance ?

Ray. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say ;
Can I, can any loyal subject, see
With patience, such a stoop from sovereignty, 220
An ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook ?

My zeal for you must lay the father by,
And plead my countrie's cause against my son.
What though his heart be great, his actions gal-
lant,

He wants a crown to poise against a crown, 225
Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings worth and vertue to my bed,
And vertue is the wealth which tyrants want;
I stand in need of one whose glories may 230
Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
Dispell the factions of my foes on earth,
Disarm the justice of the powers above.

Ray. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you? 235
Goe, raise the ministers of my revenge,
Guide with your breath this whirling tempest
round,

And see its fury fall where I design;
At last a time for just revenge is given,
Revenge, the darling attribute of heaven: 240
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;
To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.

Exit Queen.

Ray. (solus). Marriage with Torrismond! it
must not be; 245

By heaven, it must not be! or, if it be,
Law, justice, honour, bid farwell to earth,
For heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.

Torrismond. O ever welcome, sir!

But doubly now! you come in such a time, 250
As if propitious fortune took a care,
To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Ray. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least to save your fortune and your honour; 255
Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirl-pool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
And fate can scarce; I've made the port already, 260
And laugh securely at the lazy storm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love. 265

Ray. You owe her more, perhaps, than you
imagin;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first;
This hour's the very crisis of your fate;
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life, depends 270
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger ;
The city, army, court, espouse my cause,
And, more then all, the queen with publick
favour

Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Ray. Nay, if possessing her can make you
happy, 275
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor. If she can make me blest ? she onely
can ;
Empire, and wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the train and trappings of her love ;
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex, 280
In whose possession years roule round on years,
And joys in circles meet new joys again ;
Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various seasons of our love ; 285
And doubt you if such love can make me happy ?

Ray. Yes ; for I think you love your honour
more.

Tor. And what can shock my honour in a
queen ?

Ray. A tyrant, an usurper ?

Tor. Grant she be ;
When from the conquerour we hold our lives, 290
We yield our selves his subjects from that hour ;
For mutual benefits make mutual ties.

Ray. Why, can you think I owe a thief my life,

Because he took it not by lawless force ?

What, if he did not all the ill he cou'd ? 295

Am I oblig'd by that t'assist his rapines,

And to maintain his murders ?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unre-
veng'd.

Kings titles commonly begin by force,

Which time wears off, and mellows into right ; 300

So power, which in one age is tyranny,

Is ripn'd in the next to true succession ;

She's in possession.

Ray. So diseases are ;

Shou'd not a lingring fevor be remov'd,

Because it long has rag'd within my bloud ? 305

Do I rebell when I wou'd thrust it out ?

What, shall I think the world was made for one,

And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,

Not for protection, but to be devour'd ?

Mark those who dote on arbitrary power, 310

And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd youth,

Or needy bankrupts, servil in their greatness,

And slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.

O baseness, to support a tyrant throne,

And crush your free-born-brethren of the world ! 315

Nay, to become a part of usurpation,

307-315 *What . . . world !* Omitted in Q2.

To espouse the tyrants person and her crimes,
And on a tyrant get a race of tyrants
To be your country's curse in after ages.

Tor. I see no crime in her whom I adore, 320
Or, if I do, her beauty makes it none;
Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturb the quiet of my death. 325

Ray. O vertue, vertue! what art thou become,
That man should leave thee for that toy, a
woman,
Made from the dross and refuse of a man;
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her,
too;
Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented. 330
Now, son, suppose
Some brave conspiracy were ready form'd,
To punish tyrants and redeem the land,
Cou'd you so far bely your country's hope
As not to head the party? 335

Tor. How cou'd my hand rebell against my
heart?

Ray. How cou'd your heart rebell against
your reason?

Tor. No honour bids me fight against my self;
The royal family is all extinct,
And she, who reigns, bestows her crown on me; 340

So must I be ungratefull to the living,
To be but vainly pious to the dead,
While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Ray. Mark who defraud their offspring, you
or I!

For know, there yet survives the lawfull heir 345
Of Sancho's bloud, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
And trembling at his name.

Tor. He must be more than man who makes
me tremble;

I dare him to the field, with all the ods 350
Of justice on his side, against my tyrant:
Produce your lawfull prince, and you shall see
How brave a rebell love has made your son.

Ray. Read that; 'tis with the royal signet
sign'd,
And given me by the king, when time shou'd
serve, 355
To be perus'd by you.

Tor. (*reads*). *I, the King.*

*My youngest and alone surviving son,
Reported dead, t'escape rebellious rage
Till happier times shall call his courage forth
To break my fetters or revenge my fate, 360
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond —
If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,*

The world contains not so forlorn a wretch !
Let never man believe he can be happy ! 365
For, when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys ;
And when two hearts were joyn'd by mutual
love,
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Ray. True, it must. 370

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must !
If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity ;
The secret is alone between us two ; 375
And though you wou'd not hide me from my
self,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still !

Ray. Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's
too plain ;
Now, in the name of honour, sir, I beg you 380
(Since I must use authority no more),
On these old knees, I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may see your father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the onely bus'ness of my life ;
My order's issued to recall the army, 385
And Bertran's death resolv'd.

386 *death.* Sb, death's

Ray. And not the queen's? ô, she's the chief offender!

Shall Justice turn her edge within your hand?

No, if she scape, you are your self the tyrant,
And murderer of your father.

Tor. Cruel fates, 390

To what have you reserv'd me?

Ray. Why that sigh?

Tor. Since you must know, — but break,
ô break, my heart,

Before I tell my fatal story out! —

Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,

The murderer of my father, is my wife! 395

Ray. O horror, horror! after this alliance,
Let tygers match with hinds, and wolfs with
sheep,

And every creature couple with his foe.

How vainly man designs, when heaven opposes!

I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power, 400

Permitted you to fight for this usurper,

Indeed to save a crown, not her's, but yours,

All to make sure the vengeance of this day,

Which even this day has ruin'd — one more
question

Let me but ask, and I have done for ever; — 405

Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,

Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)

387 *queen's* P Semicolon after this, Q1, Q2.

More odious to your sight than toads and adders ?

Tor. O, there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love ! 410

Ray. No more ! — Farwell, my much lamented king ! —

(Aside.) I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the people as their king,
Before their rage has finish'd my designs
On Bertran and the queen ; but in despiht 415
Ev'n of himself, I'll save him. *Exit Raymond.*

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been
king,

And weary on't already ; I'm a lover,
And lov'd, possess, yet all these make me
wretched ;

And heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse. 420
With what a load of vengeance am I prest,
Yet, never, never, can I hope for rest ;
For when my heavy burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love.

Exit Torrismond.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V

SCENE [I]. *A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Torrismond.

Torrismond. Love, justice, nature, pity, and
revenge,
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast,
And I am all a civil-war within !

Enter Queen and Teresa, at a distance.

My Leonora there !
Mine ? Is she mine ? My father's murtherer
mine ? 5

Oh, that I could with honour love her more,
Or hate her less with reason ! See, she weeps ;
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed ;
Shall I not tell her ? — no ; 'twill break her
heart ; 10

She'll know too soon her own and my misfor-
tunes. *Exit.*

Queen. He's gon, and I am lost ; didst thou
not see

His sullen eyes ? how gloomily they glanc'd ?
He look'd not like the Torrismond I lov'd.

Scene I. No numeral in Qq.

Teresa. Can you not guess from whence this
change proceeds? 15

Qu. No; there's the grief, Teresa; oh
Teresa!

Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But shame and modesty have ty'd my tongue!
Yet I will tell, that thou maiest weep with me.
How dear, how sweet his first embraces were! 20
With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine!
And suckt my breath at every word I spoke,
As if he drew his inspiration thence;
While both our souls came upward to our
mouths,
As neighbouring monarchs at their borders meet; 25
I thought—oh, no; 'tis false! I could not think;
'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

Ter. Then, sure his transports were not less
than yours.

Qu. More, more! for, by the high-hung ta-
pers light,
I cou'd discern his cheeks were glowing red, 30
His very eye-balls trembl'd with his love,
And sparkl'd through their casements humid
fires:
He sigh'd, and kiss'd; breath'd short, and
wou'd have spoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he could say was "Love," and "Leonora." 35

Ter. How, then, can you suspect him lost so soon?

Qu. Last night he flew not with a bridegroom's haste,

Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour :
I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,
And listned to each softly treading step, 40
In hope 'twas he ; but still it was not he.
At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met
him :

All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round ;
Then, with a groan, he threw himself a-bed, 45
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from
me.

Ter. What, all the night ?

Qu. Even all the live-long night.

At last (for, blushing, I must tell thee all)
I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side ; 50
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a serpent.
With that I burst into a flood of tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him.
He answer'd nothing, but with sighs and groans ;
So, restless, past the night ; and, at the dawn, 55
Leapt from the bed and vanish'd.

Ter.

Sighs and groans,

38 *pointed.* Sb, appointed.

Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love ;
 He onely fears to make you share his sorrows.

Qu. I wish 'twere so, but love still doubts the
 worst;

My heavy heart, the prophetess of woes, 60
 Foreboards some ill at hand ; to sooth my sadness,
 Sing me the song which poor Olympia made,
 When false Bireno left her.

A SONG

I

Farwell, ungratefull traytor !
Farwell, my perjur'd swain ! 65
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing, 70
And love too long a pain.

II

'Tis easie to deceive us,
In pity of [y]our pain ;
But when we love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain. 75
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no bliss beside it ;
But she, that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

73 *your.* Q1, *our.*

III

The passion you pretended, 80
Was onely to obtain ;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure ; 85
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Torrismond. Still she is here, and still I cannot
 speak ;

But wander, like some discontent[te]d ghost,
 That oft appears, but is forbid to talke. 90

Going again.

Qu. O Torrismond, if you resolve my death,
 You need no more but to go hence again ;
 Will you not speak ?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak ! oh, speak !
 Your anger wou'd be kinder than your silence.

Tor. Oh ! —

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh. 95

Tor. Why do I live, ye powers ?

Qu. Why do I live to hear you speak that
 word ?

Some black-mouth'd villain has defam'd my
 vertue.

89 *discontented.* Q1, *discontend.*

Tor. No! No! Pray, let me go!

Qu. (*kneeling*). You shall not goe!
 By all the pleasures of our nuptial-bed, 10
 If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
 By these true tears, which, from my wounded
 heart,
 Bleed at my eyes —

Tor. Rise!

Qu. I will never rise;
 I cannot chuse a better place to dye.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot. 105

Qu. (*rising*). Guilt keeps you silent, then;
 you love me not;
 What have I done, ye powers, what have I
 done?

To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,
 No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd;
 And, like a rose, just gather'd from the stalk, 110
 But onely smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
 To wither on the ground.

Ter. For heaven's sake, madam, moderate
 your passion!

Qu. Why nam'st thou heaven? there is no
 heaven for me;
 Despair, death, hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd
 soul; 115
 When I had rais'd his groveling fate from ground,
 To pow'r and love, to empire, and to me;

When each embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be condemn'd; then, then thrown
off;

It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd, 120
And loathsome: — Oh! what woman can bear
loathsome?

The turtle flies not from his billing mate.
He bills the closer; but, ungratefull man,
Base, barbarous man, the more we raise our love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour. 125
Racks, poison, daggers, rid me but of life;
And any death is welcome.

Tor. Be witness, all ye powers that know my
heart,

I would have kept the fatal secret hid;
But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd; 130
Here, take this paper, reade our destinies; —
Yet do not; but, in kindness to your self,
Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me,

Even though it be the sentence of my death.

Tor. Then see how much unhappy love has
made us. 135

O Leonora! Oh!

We two were born when sullen planets reign'd;
When each the others influence oppos'd,
And drew the stars to factions at our birth.

125 *cool, and kill.* Sb, kill, and cool.

139 *factions.* Sb, faction.

Oh! better, better had it been for us 140
That we had never seen, or never lov'd.

Qu. There is no faith in heaven, if heaven
says so;

You dare not give it.

Tor. As unwillingly
As I would reach out opium to a friend,
Who lay in torture and desir'd to dye. 145

Gives the paper.

But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears ['twill] cost you;
Go, silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty fever in my soul; 150
Give me but present ease, and let me die.

Exit Qu[een] and Teres[a].

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. Arm, arm, my lord! the city bands
are up,
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confus'd;
All clustring in a heap, like swarming hives
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design 155
To punish Bertran, and revenge the king;
Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my lord.

147 'twill cost. So Q3, Q4; Q1, Q2, it cost; Sb, it costs.

155-156 With . . . king. As one line, Qq.

'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran,
But now they cry, "Down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping queen!" 16c

Tor. The queen, Lorenzo! durst they name
the queen?

Lor. If railing and reproching be to name
her.

Tor. O sacrilege! Say quickly, who com-
mands

This vile, blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our fathers thrust 'em headlong on, 165
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily;
How sayst thou, my Lorenzo? darst thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
To help me save the queen?

Lor. (aside). Let me consider: — 170
Bear arms against my father? he begat me; —
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget
me?

For his own, sure enough; for me he knew not.
"Oh!" but says conscience, "Fly in Nature's
face?"

But how if Nature fly in my face first? 175
Then Nature's the aggressor; let her look to't.
"He gave me life, and he may take it back";

No, that's boys play, say I. 'Tis policy
 For son and father to take different sides;
 For then lands and tenements commit no trea-
 son.

180

(*To Torrismond*). Sir, upon mature consideration,
 I have found my father to be little better than a
 rebel, and therefore I'll doe my best to secure
 him for your sake; in hope you may secure him
 hereafter for my sake.

185

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the
 troops,

Which every moment I expect t'arrive;
 Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull king;
 I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,
 Though I no more must call him father now.

190

Lor. (aside). How! not call him father? I see
 preferment alters a man strangely; this may serve
 me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father
 when I am great. Methought, too, he call'd
 himself the lawfull king; intimating, sweetly,
 that he knows what's what with our sovereign
 lady; well, if I rout my father, as I hope in

178-179 'Tis . . . sides. As one line, Qq, Sb

179 For son. Sb, For a son.

181-185 Sir . . . sake. As verse, ending *Father, doe, may, sake,*

Qq.

191-201 *How* . . . orange-tawny. As verse, ending *father,*
strangely, instruction, great, king, what, my, fair, general, orange-
tawny, Qq.

heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince
of the bloud; farwell, general; I'll bring up
those that shall try what mettle there is in orange-²⁰⁰
tawny. *Exit.*

Tor. (at the door). Hast, there; command the
guards be all drawn up
Before the palace gate. — By heaven, I'll face
This tempest, and deserve the name of king!
O Leonora, beauteous in thy crimes, ²⁰⁵
Never were hell and heaven so match'd before!
Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the blest will begg that thou may'st
live
And even my father's ghost his death forgive.
Exit Tor[rismond].

SCENE [II]. *The Palace-yard. Drums and
trumpets within.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.

Raymond. Now, valiant citizens, the time is
come
To show your courage and your loyalty;
You have a prince of Sancho's royal bloud,
The darling of the heavens and joy of earth;
When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among
you, 5

Scene II. No numeral in Qq.

Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him
Upon his father's throne?

Omnes. Our lives and fortunes.

Ray. What then remains to perfect our success,

But o'er the tyrant's guards to force our way?

Omn. Lead on, lead on.

Drums and trumpets on the other side.

Enter Torrismond and his Party; as they are going to fight, he speaks.

Torrismond (to his). Hold, hold your arms.

Ray. (to his). Retire. 14

Alphonso. What means this pause?

Pedro. Peace; nature works within them.

Tor[rismond] & Ray[mond] go apart.

Tor. How comes it, good old man, that we
two meet

On these harsh terms? thou very reverend rebel,
Thou venerable traitor, in whose face
And hoary hairs treason is sanctified, 15
And sin's black dy seems blanch'd by age to
vertue.

Ray. What treason is it to redeem my king,
And to reform the state?

Tor. That's a stale cheat;

Torrismond & Raymond. Sb, Alphonso and Pedro.

13 terms? Mark of exclamation after this, Q1, Q2. rebel. Mark
of interrogation after this, Q1, Q2.

The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it,
And was the first reformer of the skyes. 20

Ray. What if I see my prince mistake a poi-
son,

Call it a cordial ? Am I then a traitor,
Because I hold his hand, or break the glass ?

Ter. How darst thou serve thy king against
his will ?

Ray. Because 'tis then the onely time to serve
him. 25

Ter. I take the blame of all upon my self ;
Discharge thy weight on me.

Ray. O never, never !
Why, 'tis to leave a ship tost in a tempest
Without the pilot's care.

Ter. I'll punish thee,
By heaven I will, as I wou'd punish rebels, 30
Thou stubborn loyal man !

Ray. First let me see
Her punisht who misleads you from your fame ;
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I shall dye well pleas'd.

Ter. Proclaim my title,
To save the effusion of my subjects bloud ; 35
And thou shalt still
Be as my foster-father, near my breast,
And next my Leonora.

Ray. That word stabs me.
 You shall be still plain Torrismond with me,
 Th' abetter, partner (if you like that name), 40
 The husband of a tyrant, but no king
 Till you deserve that title by your justice.

Tor. Then farwell, pity ; I will be obey'd.
 (*To the people.*) Hear, you mistaken men, whose
 loyalty

Runs headlong into treason ; see your prince ; 45
 In me behold your murther'd Sancho's son ;
 Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.

Ray. Believe him not ; he raves ; his words
 are loose

As heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.
 You see he knows not me, his natural father ; 50
 But, aiming to possess th' usurping queen,
 So high he's mounted in his aiery hopes,
 That now the wind is got into his head,
 And turns his brains to frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet ; I am —

Ray. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not ; 55
 But spare his person for his father's sake.

Ped. Let me come ; if he be mad, I have that
 shall cure him. There's no surgeon in all Arra-
 gon has so much dexterity as I have at breathing
 of the temple-vein. 60

57-60 *Let . . . temple-vein.* As verse, ending *him, much,*
temple-vein, Qq.

Tor. My right for me !

Ray. Our liberty for us !

Omn. Liberty, liberty !

As they are ready to fight.

Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lorenzo. On forfeit of your lives, lay down
your arms.

Alph. How, rebel, art thou there ?

Lor. Take your rebel back again, father mine : 65
the beaten party are rebels to the conquerours.
I have been at hard-head with your butting citi-
zens ; I have routed your herd ; I have disperst
them ; and now they are retreated quietly, from
their extraordinary vocation of fighting in the 70
streets, to their ordinary vocation of cozening in
their shops.

Tor. (*to Raymond*). You see 'tis vain contend-
ing with the truth ;
Acknowledge what I am.

Ray. You are my king ; — wou'd you wou'd
be your own ; 75

But, by a fatal fondness, you betray
Your fame and glory to th' usurper's bed,
Enjoy the fruits of bloud and parricide,
Take your own crown from Leonora's gift,
And hug your father's murtherer in your arms ! 80

65-72 *Take . . . shops.* As verse, ending *mine, conquerours,*
citizens, them, quietly, in, cozening, shops, Qq.

Enter Queen, Teresa, [and] Women.

Alph. No more; behold the queen.

Ray. Behold the basilisk of Torrismond,
That kills him with her eyes — I will speak on;
My life is of no further use to me;
I would have chaffer'd it before for vengeance; 85
Now let it go for failing.

Tor. (aside). My heart sinks in me while I
hear him speak,
And every slackn'd fibre drops its hold,
Like nature letting down the springs of life;
So much the name of father awes me still. — 90
Send off the crowd;
For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear
With honour your demands.

Lor. (to Alphonso). Now, sir, who proves the
traitor? My conscience is true to me; it alwaies 95
whispers right when I have my regiment to
back it.

*Exeunt omnes præter Ter[esa], Ray[mond],
Leon[ora].*

Tor. O Leonora, what can love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost;
Combated heaven and earth to keep you mine; 100
And yet at last that tyrant Justice! Oh —

Enter . . . Women. Qq, Enter Queen and Teresa : Women.

83 eyes. Comma after this, Qq.

92-93 *For . . . demands.* As one line, Qq.

94-97 *Now . . . it.* As verse, ending *conscience, when, it*, Qq.

Queen. 'Tis past, 'tis past, and love is ours no
more ;

Yet I complain not of the powers above ;
They made m' a miser's feast of happiness,
And cou'd not furnish out another meal. 105
Now, by yon' stars, by heaven, and earth, and
men,

By all my foes at once, I swear, my Torris-
mond,

That to have had you mine for one short day,
Has cancell'd half my mighty sum of woes ;
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you. 110

Ray. Can you not ? say that once more,
That all the saints may witness it against you.

Qu. Cruel Raymond !

Can he not punish me, but he must hate ?
O, 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage, 115
Which hates th' offender's person with his
crimes ;

I have enough to overwhelm one woman,
To lose a crown and lover in a day ;
Let pity lend a tear when rigour strikes.

Ray. Then, then you should have thought of
tears and pity, 120

When vertue, majesty, and hoary age,
Pleaded for Sancho's life.

112 *That . . . saints.* As part of previous line, Sb.

Qu. My future days shall be one whole contrition;

A chapel will I build, with large endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men 125
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to heaven,
To pardon Sancho's death.

Tor. See, Raymond, see; she makes a large amends;

Sancho is dead; no punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave; 130
Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
To see with joy her miseries on earth.

Ray. Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,

For heaven can judge if penitence be true; 135
But man, who knows not hearts, should make examples,

Which, like a warning-piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that Sancho was his father,

I would have pour'd a deluge of my bloud, 140
To save one drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, inexorable Raymond, mark!
'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death.

Ray. What if she did not know he was your father?

She knew he was a man, the best of men ; 145
Heaven's image double-stampt, as man and king.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can
say ;

But yet —

Ray. But yet you barbarously murther'd him.

Qu. He will not hear me out !

Tor. Was ever criminal forbid to plead ? 150

Curb your ill manner'd zeal.

Ray. Sing to him, syren,

For I shall stop my ears ; now mince the sin,

And mollifie damnation with a phrase ;

Say, you consented not to Sancho's death,

But barely not forbid it. 155

Qu. Hard-hearted man, I yield my guilty
cause ;

But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.

Had I for jealousy of empire sought

Good Sancho's death, Sancho had dy'd before.

'Twas alwaies in my power to take his life ; 160

But interest never could my conscience blind,

Till love had cast a mist before my eyes,

And made me think his death the onely means

Which could secure my throne to Torrismond.

Tor. Never was fatal mischief meant so kind, 165

For all she gave has taken all away.

Malicious pow'rs ! is this to be restor'd ?

'Tis to be worse depos'd than Sancho was.

Ray. Heaven has restor'd you, you depose
your self.

Oh, when young kings begin with scorn of
justice, 17a

They make an omen to their after reign,
And blot their annals in the foremost page.

Tor. No more; lest you be made the first
example,

To show how I can punish.

Ray. Once again :
Let her be made your father's sacrifice, 175
And after make me her's.

Tor. Condemn a wife!
That were to atone for parricide with murder.

Ray. Then let her be divorc'd : we'll be con-
tent

With that poor scanty justice ; let her part.

Tor. Divorce ! that's worse than death, 'tis
death of love. 18c

Qu. The soul and body part not with such
pain,

As I from you ; but yet 'tis just, my lord :
I am th' accurst of heaven, the hate of earth,
Your subjects detestation, and your ruin ;
And therefore fix this doom upon my self. 185

Tor. Heav'n ! Can you wish it, to be mine
no more ?

Qu. Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof

And last that I can make you of my love.
To leave you blest, I would be more accurst
Than death can make me; for death ends our
woes, 190

And the kind grave shuts up the mournfull scene;
But I would live without you, to be wretched
long;

And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the payment of my tears,
Till ev'n fierce Raymond, at the last, shall say, 195
"Now let her dye, for she has griev'd enough."

Tor. Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the
people!

Thou zealous publick bloud-hound, hear and
melt!

Ray. (aside). I could cry now; my eyes grow
womanish,

But yet my heart holds out. 200

Qu. Some solitary cloister will I chuse,
And there with holy virgins live immur'd;
Course my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight bell;
Now, Raymond, now be satisfied at last. 205
Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,
Shall doe dead Sancho justice every hour.

Ray. (aside). By your leave, manhood!

Wipes his eyes.

Tor. He weeps! now he's vanquished.

Ray. No! 'Tis a salt rheum, that scalds my eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd. 210

I'll leave you in the height of all my love,

Ev'n when my heart is beating out its way,

And struggles to you most.

Farwell, a last farwell! My dear, dear lord!

Remember me!—speak, Raymond, will you let him? 215

Shall he remember Leonora's love,

And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?

Ray. (almost crying). Yes, yes, he shall; pray goe.

Tor. Now, by my soul, she shall not goe: why, Raymond,

Her every tear is worth a father's life; 220

Come to my arms, come, my fair penitent!

Let us not think what future ills may fall,

But drink deep draughts of love and lose 'em all.

Exit Tor[rismond] with the Queen.

Ray. No matter yet, he has my hook within him.

Now let him frisk and flownce, and run and rowle, 225

And think to break his hold. He toils in vain;

This love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter Alphonso and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's news from Bertran;
he desires

Admittance to the king, and cries aloud, 231
This day shall end our fears of civil war;
For his safe conduct he entreats your presence.
And begs you would be speedy.

Ray. Though I loath
The traitor's sight, I'll go; attend us here.

Exit Ray [mond].

*Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, with Officers, to
make the stage as full as possible.*

Ped. Why, how now, Gomez; what mak'st 235
thou here, with a whole brother-hood of city
bailifs? why, thou lookest like Adam in Para-
dise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gomez. Ay, and a man had need of them,
Don Pedro; for here are the two old seducers, 240
a wife and priest, that's Eve and the serpent, at
my elbow.

Dominic. Take notice how uncharitably he
talks of church men.

Gom. Indeed, you are a charitable belswagger; 245
my wife cry'd out, "Fire, fire!" and you brought
out your church-buckets, and called for engines
to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you have come hither to accuse your wife; her education has been vertu-250
ous, her nature mild and easie.

Gom. Yes! she's easie with a vengeance;
there's a certain colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me 255
—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll
take my oath on't; I have liv'd with her with all
the innocence of a man of threescore, like a
peaceable bedfellow as I am.

Elvira. Indeed, sir, I have no reason to com-260
plain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given
your self; the church did not marry you for
that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your 265
grievances.

Dom. Why, noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, fryar! and let me speak first. I
am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the
pulpit, where you preach by hours. 270

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrins for the people,
and uses and applications for your selves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman
in black. 275

Gom. No! the t'other old gentleman in black

shall take me if I do! I will speak first! nay, I will, fryar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*; I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to doe. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lye and forswear himself with any fryar in all Spain: that's a bold word now —

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *circum-bendibus*, I warrant him. 285

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgement; that a batchelour-cobler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household plague, and "Lord have mercy upon us" should be written on all our doors. 295

Dom. Now he reviles marriage, which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly sins; but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels, for all that! But as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the cuckoldom of me, her anointed sovereign lord; and with the help of the aforesaid fryar, whom heaven 300

confound, and with the limbs of one colonel³⁰⁵ Hernando, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, to the value of 30000 pistols. — Guilty, or not guilty ; how saiest thou,³¹⁰ culprit ?

Dom. False and scandalous ! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath pointblank against every particular of this charge.

Elv. And so will I.

315

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul out-cry before Gomez his portal ; and his wife, my penitent, making dolefull lamentations ; thereupon, making³²⁰ what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are cripp'd with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully ; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without re-³²⁵spect to my sacerdotal orders, pusht me from him, and turn'd me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a man would set up a top. "Mercy !" quoth I. "Damme !" quoth he. And still continued labouring me, until a good³³⁰ minded colonel came by, whom, as heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well,³³⁵ this noble colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part, you may be sure; whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and³⁴⁰ buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as³⁴⁵ Rhodomont; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rainbow. And every word this abominable priest has utter'd is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough pac'd liar, that will swear³⁵⁰ through thick and thin, commend me to a fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's back unseen, over against Gomez.

Lor. (aside). How now! What's here to doe? my cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own father;—now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate, that stands like the pic-³⁵⁵ture of Madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces!

³⁴⁰ on. Sb, upon.

³⁵⁶ with a pair. Q2, with pair 2.

Alph. Well — but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?

Gom. He's the first-begotten of Beelzebub, ³⁶⁴ with a face as terrible as Demogorgon. (*Lorenzo peeps over Alph[onso's] head, and stares at Gomez.*) No! I lye, I lye; he's a very proper, handsom fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a face like a cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward, Gomez? ³⁶⁵ dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be prov'd, you shall have justice.

Gom. (*aside*). Now I dare speak; let him look ³⁷⁰ as dreadfully as he will. I say, sir, and I will prove it, that he had a leud design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty. (*Lor[enzo] lifts up his fist clench'd at him.*) I confess my wife was as willing — as himself; and ³⁷⁵ I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elv. You see, sir, he contradicts himself at every word; he's plainly mad. ³⁸⁰

Alph. Speak boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by; did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly; he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very

walls cry'd shame on him. (*Lor[enzo] holds up again.*) 'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him. 390

Ped. I believe the fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravished me, with the help of two souldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government. (*Lor[enzo] holds up again.*) I confess, I could never endure the government, because it was tyrannical; but my sides and shoulders are black and blew, as I can strip and show the marks of 'em. (*Lor[enzo] again.*) But that might happen, too, by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles. *All laugh.* 400

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber; a most manifest judgment! there never comes bet-405 ter of railing against the church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad; truth has been at my tongue's end this half-hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded colonel. 410

Alph. What colonel?

Gom. Why, my colonel — I mean my wife's colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me. 415

Alph. (*turning*). Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my son Lorenzo.

Gom. How? your son Lorenzo! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife Elvira is my daughter. 420

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me; I am sure, if you are her brother, my sides can 425 shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. (*to Lor[enzo]*). You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was 430 never my intention; and consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you. 435

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near akin to thee!

413 *wife's*. Q2, Q3, Q4, *wive's*.
415 *and*. Omitted by Sb.

Elv. However, we are both beholding to Fryar Dominic; the church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to doe her part. 440

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred pistols, to make him the lighter for 445 his journey; indeed, 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessary to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my daughter; but I 450 shall do it by proxy, fryar: your bishop's my friend, and is too honest to let such as you infect a cloister.

Gom. Ay, doe, father-in-law, let him be stript of his habit, and dis-order'd — I would fain see 455 him walk in quirpo, like a cas'd rabbit, without his holy fur upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a fryar.

Dom. Farwell, kind gentlemen; I give you all my blessing before I go. — May your sisters, 460 wives, and daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt, or a fryar to pimp for 'em.

Exit, with a rabble pushing him.

441 Heaven! Sb, Heavens!

*Enter Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond,
Teresa, &c.*

Tor. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives!
Let every one partake the general joy. 465
Some angel with a golden trumpet sound,
"King Sancho lives!" and let the echoing skies
From pole to pole resound, "King Sancho lives!"
O Bertran, ô! no more my foe, but brother,
One act like this blots out a thousand crimes. 470

Bertran. Bad men, when 'tis their interest,
may doe good.

I must confess, I counsel'd Sancho's murther;
And urg'd the queen by specious arguments:
But still, suspecting that her love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the rumour of his death, 475
To sound the very soul of her designs.
Th' event, you know, was answering to my fears;
She threw the odium of the fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her love to you.

Ray. Heaven guided all, to save the innocent. 480

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not onely that, but favour; Sancho's life,
Whether by vertue or design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire, 485
But Sancho's leave to authorize our marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! pity and he are one;

So mercifull a king did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive.
But let the bold conspirator beware, 49c
For heaven makes princes its peculiar care.
Excunt omnes.

FINIS.

Finis. Below a line marking this off stands in Q1 : Lately printed.
| *Lucius Junius Brutus*, Father of his Country; A Tragedy acted |
at the Duke's Theatre : Written by Mr. *Lee*. | Contemplations
upon the Life of the Holy *Jesus*, written by | the Bishop of *Exe-*
ter. | Both Sold by *J. Tonson*.

EPILOGUE

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

*There's none, I am sure, who is a friend to love,
But will our Fryar's character approve :
The ablest spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable deeds.
Our church, alas ! (as Rome objects) does want
These ghostly comforts for the falling saint ;
This gains them their whore-converts, and may be
One reason of the growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's religion came in fashion,
By the large leave it gave to fornication. 10
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well ;
There is no Dives in the Roman hell :
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in ;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to heaven, 15
And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
How are men cozen'd still with shows of good !
The baud's best mask is the grave fryar's hood ;
Though vice no more a clergy-man displeases,
Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases ; 21
'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,
By your debauches, their fat paunches swell.*

1 I am Q2, Q3, Q4, Sb, I am.

*'Tis a mock-war between the priest and devil ;
 When they think fit, they can be very civil.
 As some who did French counsels most advance, 25
 To blind the world have rail'd in print at France,
 Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,
 That with more ease they may engross them all.
 By damning yours, they do their own maintain ;
 A church-man's godliness is alwaies gain : 30
 Hence to their prince they will superiour be ;
 And civil treason grows church-loyalty.
 They boast the gift of heaven is in their power ;
 Well may they give the god they can devour.
 Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay ; 35
 For 'tis on carrion that the vermin prey.
 Nor have they less dominion on our life,
 They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
 Rouze up, you cuckolds of the northern climes,
 And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes. 40
 Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy drone }
 To hum in his forsaken hive alone ;
 He'll work no honey when his sting is gone. }
 Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
 When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells. 45*

Finis.

Notes to The Spanish Fryar

For single words see Glossary. For imitations and reminiscences of Shakespeare, see Introduction, p. xlv. References to Dryden's Works are to the Scott-Saintsbury edition.

Title-page. Ut melius . . . togam. The better to deceive, assume the gown. Martial, viii, 48, 8 (properly, *Qua possis melius*).

Title-page. Alterna revisens . . . locavit. [Many a man] inconstant Fortune, departing and returning, has first mocked and then restored to prosperity. *Aen.* xi, 426-427. Dryden omits the preceding *multos* to limit the application (to Sancho).

163. Lord Haughton. John (1662-1711), son of Gilbert Holles, third Earl of Clare (d. 1689); known as Lord Haughton until his father's death; created Duke of Newcastle, 1694.

164, 41. Bussy Dambois. Louis de Clermont d'Amboise, Sieur de Bussy (1549-1579), participant in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, soldier, duellist, governor of Anjou, supposed paragon of Marguerite of Navarre. His history forms the subject of two plays by Chapman: *Bussy D'Ambois, a Tragedie* (1607) and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* (1613). He is the principal figure in Dumas's novel, *La Dame de Montmoreau* (1846).

164, 43. jelly. Cf. Dryden and Lee, *Oedipus*, ii, i, 9 (*Works*, vi, 159): "The shooting stars end all in purple jellies," Donne, *Eclogue at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset*, 204-205: "As he that sees a star fall, runs apace, And finds a jelly in the place," and *New Engl. Dict.*, jelly, sb. 2b. The alga *nostoc*, which appears as a jelly-like mass on dry soil after rain, was popularly supposed to be the remains of a fallen star or meteor.

164, 50. modern poet. As pointed out by Malone, Dryden seems to have confounded two anecdotes of Andrea Navagero (Nauigerius), the Venetian poet (1483-1529), related by Famiano Strada, the historian (1572-1649), in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*, ii, 5. Navagero annually on his birthday burned a copy of Martial

as an offering to the manes of Vergil. On one occasion, when told that some of his own verses resembled those of Statius, he threw them into the fire.

164, 52. Johnson. For Dryden's estimate of Jonson see especially *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* and *A Defense of the Epilogue*.

164, 54. Maximin, in *Tyrannick Love*; Almanzor, in *The Conquest of Granada*.

165, 69. Quae . . . Colosso. Statius, *Silvae* 1, 1, 1: "What bulk, matched by a superimposed colossus [occupies the Latian forum]?" The line refers to an equestrian statue of Domitian.

165, 71. Tityre . . . fagi. Thou, Tityrus, reclining in the shade of a spreading beech-tree. Vergil, *Ecl.* 1, 1.

165, 78. Sylvester's Dubartas. The translations made by Joshua Sylvester (1563-1590) of works of the Huguenot poet, Guillaume de Salluste, Sieur du Bartas (1544-1590), especially of his scriptural epics *La Semaine* (1578) and *La Seconde Semaine* (1584). Of these translations, which had been published in installments between 1590 and 1600, the first collected edition appeared in 1605-06: *Du Bartas his Devine Weekes and Workes*. The work enjoyed great popularity until about the time of the Restoration. In the passage cited by Dryden, Sylvester has "wool," not "snow."

166, 106. propriety of thoughts and words. Cf. *The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic License* (preface to *The State of Innocence*, 1677): "From that which has been said, it may be collected, that the definition of Wit (which has been so often attempted, and ever unsuccessfully by many poets) is only this: that it is a propriety of thoughts and words; or, in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject." (*Works*, v, 124). Cf. also the preface to *Albion and Albanus* and the *Life of Lucian* (*Works*, vii, 228, xviii, 75).

168, 11. groats at Bromingham. Birmingham was at this time and long afterwards proverbial for the manufacture of counterfeit groats (four-penny pieces), known as "Brummagem groats." See the citations (1688 and 1691) in the *New Engl. Dict.* under *Brummagem*, and for convictions in 1744, Ruding, *Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain*³, 11, 80.

168, 21. notcht prentices. With reference to the articles

of apprenticeship, or indentures. These, like other deeds, were formerly prepared in duplicate on a single sheet, and the duplicates cut apart by a waving or jagged line, designed as a means of subsequent verification. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv, ii, 19-20:

And prentice to a grocer in the strand
By deed indent, of which I have one part.

168, 21. **whole sermons write.** "It was anciently a part of the apprentice's duty, not only to carry the family Bible to church, but to take notes of the sermon for the edification of his master or mistress." Dryden, *Works*, Scott-Saintsbury, vi, 12, note.

169, 39. **Scowring the watch.** Scowerers, or as they were called a little later, Mohocks, were bands of ruffians who roamed about London streets after nightfall, inflicting brutal outrages upon watchmen and pedestrians. Shadwell wrote a play called *The Scowrers* (1691).

169, 40. **tilting in the pit.** Brawling in the pit of the theatre, sometimes of the kind here indicated, but sometimes of more serious character. Langbaine (p. 460) records one instance: "At the Acting of this Tragedy [*Macbeth*], on the Stage, I saw a real one acted in the Pit; I mean the Death of Mr. *Scroop*, who received his death's wound from the late Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, and died presently after he was remov'd to a House opposite to the Theatre, in *Dorset-Garden*." This was in 1679 or shortly before. In 1682, at the Theatre Royal, two gentlemen, Mr. Dering and Mr. Vaughan, drew on each other in the pit and finished their duel on the stage, "to the greater comfort of the audience," Dering being carried off badly wounded. See Beljame, *Le Public et hommes de lettres*, pp. 62-64, and the numerous references given in the notes.

169, 44. **Hire night murth'rers.** See *Biography* (p. vi).

169, 46. **pois'ning trick of France.** Cf. F. Funck-Brentano, *Le Drame des poisons* (5th ed., 1902). In 1670 the death of the Duchesse d'Orléans, sister of Charles II, had in London been popularly ascribed to poison. The Marquise de Brinvilliers, who had poisoned her father and her two brothers, after experimenting upon hospital patients, had been executed in 1676. In 1679 a special tribunal, the *Chambre Ardente*, had been constituted for

the investigation of a vast traffic in poison and magic, in which the central figure was a fortune-teller known as "la Voisin," who furnished poisons to persons of all conditions, including nobles and ladies of the court. The *Chambre Ardente* sat 1679-80 and 1681-82. Thirty-six persons were executed; others, of whom some were equally guilty, were sent to the galleys, banished, or imprisoned for life; others escaped entirely.

169, 48. our Plot, the "Popish plot"; cf. *Introduction*, p. xxix.

170. Torrismond. In Lodge's *Rosalynde* (1590) the usurping king is named Torismond. The name was previously known from Tasso's *Il Re Torrismondo* (1587).

171, 1. Arragon. The Spanish form is Aragón. Dryden had previously laid in Spain the scenes of *The Rival-Ladies*, *An Evening's Love*, and *The Conquest of Granada*.

172, 17. What can we less expect, for, "What less can we expect."

173, 43. colonel, three syllables

174, 65. old, gouty fryar. Cf. Dryden, *Of Dramatic Poesy* (ed. Strunk, p. 74): "There is another artifice of the poet Jonson which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his comedies he has left it to us almost as a rule; that is, when he has any character or humor wherein he would show a *coup de maître*, or his highest skill, he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it before the person appears."

183, 242. Nor can . . . thought. "I cannot think, either, or else I am lost in thought."

185, 268. to friend, for a friend. Cf. *Cymbeline*, 1, iv, 116, and for other instances of this idiom, Abbott, *Shakesp. Gramm.* § 149; Franz, *Shakesp. Gramm.* § 372 a.

190, 399. Who have we? Cf. Abbott, *Shakesp. Gramm.* § 274; Franz, *Shakesp. Gramm.* § 501.

193, 478. no pumping. Gomez means that Lorenzo need not "pump up" excuses.

194, 489-90. magistrate's head. Obviously some allusion (perhaps ephemeral) to "horns"; cf. note to 231, 239.

194, 515. buff. Lorenzo wears a buff-coat.

196, 5. foreign breeding. The corrupting influence of for-

eign travel had been a favorite theme of denunciation and satire since the time of Ascham (*Scholemaster*, ed. Arber, pp. 71-86). Dryden's Wildblood and Bellamy in *An Evening's Love* and Woodall in *Mr. Limberham* are drawn in accordance with the tradition.

201, 45. hellebore. Cf. Burton, *Anatomy*, II, 266 ff. (ed. Shilleto), beginning, "Black Hellebore, that most renowned plant, and famous purger of melancholy, which all antiquity so much used and admired."

201, 46. Whips, darkness, dungeons. The regular treatment for madness; cf. 311, 44; *As You Like It*, III, II, 421; *Twelfth Night*, III, IV, 148; Andrew D. White, *Warfare of Science*, ch. xv.

206, 146. fayery favours. "Alluding to the common superstition that the continuance of the favours of fairies depends upon the receiver's secrecy." Scott (Dryden, *Works*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, VI, 441, note), who refers to *Winter's Tale*, III, III, 127. In his note (cited in *The Winter's Tale*, New Variorum edition, p. 151) on the latter passage Staunton quotes from Ben Jonson:

A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Wholesome if kept, but poison if discover'd,

which is much more like the text.

214, 51-52. that parcel . . . garbidge. "To give some instances of their Civility! In the *Spanish Fryer*, *Dominick* is made a Pimp for *Lorenzo*; He is call'd a *parcel of Holy Guts and Garbage*, and said to have room in his Belly for his Church steeple.

"*Dominick* has a great many of these Compliments bestow'd upon him. And to make the Railing more effectual, you have a general stroke or two upon the Profession. Would you know what are the *Infallible Church Remedies*. Why 'tis to *Lie Impudently*, and *Swear Devoutly*. A little before this *Dominick* Counterfits himself sick, retires, and leaves *Lorenzo* and *Elvira* together; And then the Remark upon the Intrigue follows. 'You see Madam (says *Lorenzo*) 'tis Interest governs all the World. He Preaches against Sin, why? Because he gets by 't: He holds his Tongue, why? because so much more is bidden for his Silence. 'Tis but giving a Man his Price, and Principles of *Church* are bought off as easily as they are in *State*: No man will be a Rogue for nothing;

but Compensation must be made, so much Gold for so much Honesty; and then a Church-man will break the Rules of Chess. For the Black Bishop, will skip into the White, and the White into the Black, without Considering whether the remove be Lawful.

"At last *Dominick* is discover'd to the Company, makes a dishonourable *Exit*, and is push'd off the *Stage* by the Rabble. This is great Justice! The Poet takes care to make him first a Knave, and then an Example: But his hand is not even. For Lewd *Lorenzo* comes off with *Flying Colours*. 'Tis not the Fault which is corrected but the Priest. The Authors Discipline is seldom without a Biass. He commonly gives the *Laitie* the Pleasure of an ill Action, and the *Clergy* the Punishment." Collier, *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, pp. 98-100.

215, 81. steeple of his church. Cf. note to 214, 51.

217, 138. in verbo sacerdotis, on the word of a priest.

218, 172. & liberavi animam meam, and I have freed my mind.

219, 189. with a wet finger, with the utmost ease; a common phrase in sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century writers.

221, 8-9. turn'd Jupiter. Allusion to the story of Jupiter and Europa. Ovid, *Met.* II, 833-875.

222, 40. your myrmidon, your follower; i. e., Lorenzo himself.

224, 35. you see, madam, etc. Cf. note to 214, 51.

226, 87. I never was out. I have always been ready to take a hand (at a game). Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, vii, 36, "I am not so well as I should be; but I'll ne'er out."

229-30, 188-89. want some grains, like light-weight coins.

231, 239. horns. See the *New Engl. Dict.*, horn, *sb.* 1, 7. This fancy seems to be of late Greek origin, has been diffused all over Europe, and is found in English as early as Lydgate. It forms the basis of an endless series of allusions in English writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, but has passed out of English popular speech.

234, 304. tribe of Issachar. Cf. *Gen.* XLIX, 14.

235, 16. rise. This form, corrected in modern copies to

"rose," is given by all the Quartos. It is, of course, the preterite, pronounced "riz," which still lingers in dialect. See Ben Jonson, *English Grammar*, ch. xix, and Mätzner, *Englische Grammatik*, I, p. 400.

241, 140. **this murther.** Scott (Dryden, *Works*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, vi, 398-399) objects to the facility with which the queen consents to this murder and to the cold-hearted way in which she plans to turn the consequences upon Bertran. Ward says (iii, 377, n. 2): "Torrismond should have erroneously supposed Leonora to have sanctioned the order for his father's death, instead of her actually sanctioning it."

244, 208. **You are so beautifull.** "If we step to the *Spanish Fryar* He will afford us a Flight worth the observing. 'Tis part of the Addresses of *Torrismond* to *Leonora*.

"You are so Beautiful
So wondrous Fair, you justifie rebellion;
As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven by looking on it must forgive.

"These are strange Compliments! *Torrismond* calls his Queen Rebel to her head, when he was both her General and her Lover. This powerful Rhetorick to Court a Queen with! Enough one would think to have made the Affair desperate. But he has a remedy at hand. The *Poets Nostrum* of Profaness [*sic*] cures all. He does as good as tell her, she may Sin as much as she has a mind to. Her Face is a Protection to her Conscience. For Heaven is under a necessity to forgive a Handsom Woman. To say all this ought to be pass'd over in *Torrismond* on the score of his Passion, is to make the Excuse more scandalous than the Fault, if possible. Such Raptures are fit only for *Bedlam*, or a place which I shan't name." Collier, pp. 167-168.

253, 106. **angels.** With allusion to the gold coin so named, which bore on the obverse the device of St. Michael and the dragon. The last angels were ten-shilling pieces, coined in 1634. The play on the name is exceedingly common in the dramas of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; hence Collier's contemptuous citation (pp. 168-169):

"Now then for a jest or two. *Don Gomez* shall begin: And here he'll give us a Gingle upon the double meaning of a word.

"I think, says Dominick the Fryar, it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely. Gomez suspects him brib'd for no creditable business and answers.

"Gom. Ay, whose good Angels sent you hither, that you know best Father.

"... fine Raillery."

256, 179. assassinates, so used in *The Rehearsal*, III, ii (p. 75, Arber), and twice in Dryden and Lee, *Oedipus*, IV, i (*Works*, VI, 205, 217).

256, 190. omne . . . minus. Every greater includes the less. An old maxim of the criminal law. *Major numerus continet minorem*, Bracton, 16 (about 1250); *major continet in seminus*, 19 Viner, *Abridg.* 379 (1759).

257, 214. infallible church remedies. Cf. note to 214, 51.

263, 365. head fortified. Cf. 231, 239, and note.

263, 365-66. crowded . . . trebble. To live in the same house with a shrill-voiced, scolding wife.

266, 59. And listen with their mouths. So all the texts. It is possible that this is correct, but one is tempted to fill out the incomplete line with, "all open wide."

273, 216. weigh'd my self with earth, set myself in the balance against Torrismond.

277, 300. mellows into right. "In the poet's 'Spanish Friar,' there was a passage which spoke of kings' bad titles growing good by time; a supposed fact which was illustrated by the lines—

So, when clay's burned for a hundred years,
It starts forth china!

The player [Betterton] fearlessly pronounced this passage 'mean,' and it was forthwith cancelled by the poet." Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage*, ed. Lowe, I, 124.

278, 328. dross and refuse. "I did not know before that a Man's Dross lay in his Ribs; I believe sometimes it lies Higher. But the Philosophy, the Religion, and the Ceremony of these Lines, are too tender to be touched." Collier, p. 171.

284, 19-27. Yet I . . . one. "The royal *Leonora* in the *Spanish Friar*, runs a strange Length in the History of Love, p.

50. And do Princesses use to make their Reports with such fulsom Freedoms? Certainly this *Leonora* was the first Queen of her Family. Such raptures are too Lascivious for *Jean of Naples*. Are these the *Tender Things* Mr. *Dryden* says the *Ladys* call on him for? I suppose he means the *Ladys* that are too Modest to show their Faces in the *Pit*. This Entertainment can be fairly design'd for none but such. Indeed it hits their Palate exactly. It regales their Lewdness, graces their Character, and keeps up their Spirits for their Vocation." Collier, p. 9.

286, 64. Farwell, ungratefull traytor! The stanza in which this song is written has been reproduced by Swinburne in *The Garden of Proserpine* (1866).

292, 179. take different sides. There had been cases of this kind in the Civil War, one being that of the Verneys, of Claydon, Buckinghamshire: see the *Dict. Nat. Biogr.*

293, 200. orange-tawny. The colour by which in the next scene Raymond's adherents, the "train-bands," are to be distinguished from the "red-coats" of Torrismond and Lorenzo.

295, 20. the first reformer. Cf. 6, 113, and note.

297, 67. hard-head. Cf. *Dryden, Tro. and Cres.* II, ii (*Works*, 320): "And play at hard-head with their empty skulls"; *Hind and Panther*, II, 443: "Both play at hard-head till they break their brains." In the present passage, an allusion to "horns" is involved; cf. note to 231, 239.

307, 294. Lord have mercy upon us. DeFoe, *Journal of the Plague Year* (*Works*, Oxford, 1840, I, 44), quotes the ordinance published in June, 1665, respecting the plague, providing, "That every house visited be marked with a red cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with the usual printed words, that is to say, 'Lord have mercy upon us,' to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until lawful opening of the said house."

309, 338. Gomez flew upon him. "Who forbears laughing when the Spanish friar represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel that was able to frighten him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon. . . . The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience." Addison, *The Old Whig*,

No. 2 (1719; *Works*, 1893, v, 287). For "little Dicky," cf. *Introduction*, p. xl.

309, 346. Rhodomont, Rodomonte, a braggart Moorish king in the *Orlando Innamorato* and *Orlando Furioso*.

309, 354. fourscore take him, old age take him.

310, 361. Demogorgon. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, I, i, xxxvii, and I, v, xxii; *Paradise Lost*, II, 965; Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*.

310, 366. hunt counter. "Hounds are said to *hunt counter* when they hunt backward the way the chase came." Halliwell, *Dict. of Archaic Words and Phrases* (1847), I, 273.

311, 396. vi & armis, by force of arms.

311, 404. Fresh straw. "In *The Guardian*, No. 82, in a list of the effects of 'the property-man' at the theatre, is 'a truss of straw for the madmen. £0 os. 8d.'" G. B. Hill, in note to Johnson, *Lives*, I, 415.

311, 404. a dark chamber. Cf. note to 201, 46.

312, 414. malus genius, evil genius.

313, 463. a rabble pushing him. Cf. note to 214, 51.

314, 464. He lives! "We have the proverb, *manum de tabula*, from the painters; which signifies, to know when to give over, and lay by the pencil. . . . This rule I had before my eyes in the conclusion of *The Spanish Friar*, when the discovery was made that the king was living, which was the knot of the play untied; the rest is shut up in the compass of some few lines, because nothing then hindered the happiness of Torrismond and Leonora. The faults of that drama are in the kind of it, which is tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people; and I never writ anything for myself but *Antony and Cleopatra*." *Parallel between Poetry and Painting* (*Works*, xvii, 333).

316. Epilogue. "Attributed in the *State Poems*, vol. III [1704], to Dryden himself." Saintsbury. Cf. note to 317, 43.

316, 9. Mahomet's. Then the current accentuation; cf. I *Conq. Gran.* III, iii, 8: "'Tis more than Mahomet himself can do"; *Hind and Panther*, II, 130, "So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more." This is the regular pronunciation in Byron: *Childe Harold*, II, iii, 6; *Don Juan*, VII, xvii, etc.

317, 25. Did French counsels most advance. This

seems to be the equivalent, in slightly different language, of the lines in *Absalom and Achitophel* arraigning Shaftesbury's foreign policy (*Works*, ix, 240-241) :

To compass this the triple bond he broke ;
The pillars of the public safety shook ;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.

"Railed in print," however, presents difficulties. In 1674 Buckingham had been attacked by the Commons as the author of the French alliance, but there is nothing in his works (3d edition, 1715) which fits the following line any better. It is possible, however, that one of the two had been credited with the authorship of some contemporary anti-French pamphlet or lampoon.

317, 34. the god they can devour. Cf. *Abs. and Achit.* i, 121-122 :

Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As served at once for worship and for food.

317, 40. learn from Sweden. In order to keep the priests out of the country, Sweden punished as the next line suggests. See also in Prior, *Paulo Purganti and his Wife* (1709), l. 50, "Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede."

317, 43. his sting is gone. The close parallel to these lines, with the same erroneous natural history, in the *Prologue* to *Amphitryon* (1-2),

The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone,
suggests that the ascription of this epilogue to Dryden may be correct. The writer is apparently borrowing from Shakespeare, *Tro. and Cres.* v, x, 42-45,

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

There is no corresponding passage in Dryden's version (1679).

317, 45. Aaron's bells. Cf. *Exodus*, xxviii, 33-35.

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Glossary

- ace, bit; the least distance. *S. F.* iv, i, 1.
- ana's, ingredients in a prescription. *S. F.* iv, i, 130.
- and, if. *S. F.* i, i, 415.
- angel, a gold coin, originally worth 6s. 6d., later 8s. and 10s. Used 1465-1634. *S. F.* iv, i, 106.
- assassinates, assassins. *S. F.* iv, i, 179.
- ataballes, Moorish tambours. *S. F.* i, i, 78.
- bate, abate. *A. L. Prol.* l. 11.
- belswagger, procurer. *S. F.* v, ii, 245.
- bilbo, Bilbao blade. *S. F.* iii, ii, 216.
- black, brunette. *S. F.* i, i, 161.
- breathing (of a vein), blood-letting. *S. F.* v, ii, 59.
- bubbles, dupes. *S. F. Ded.* l. 64.
- camphire, camphor. *S. F.* i, i, 519.
- cas'd, skinned. *S. F.* v, ii, 456.
- chaffer'd, traded. *S. F.* v, ii, 85.
- Chedreux, properly, the name of a kind of wig; applied by Dryden to critics who follow French fashions and judge by French standards. *A. L. Pref.* l. 107.
- close, secret. *A. L.* ii, 119.
- cockatrice, basilisk; metaphorically, prostitute. *S. F.* ii, iv, 40.
- confirm, fortify, strengthen. *A. L.* i, 87.
- convince, convict. *S. F.* ii, ii, 27.
- counter, in the reverse direction. *S. F.* v, ii, 366.
- covert-baron, a married woman; misused by Dryden to mean a married man. *S. F.* iv, i, 363.
- covert-feme, a married woman; commonly feme covert. *S. F.* iv, i, 364.
- cozen, cheat. *S. F. Ded.* l. 43; *S. F.* v, ii, 71.
- dis-order'd, deposed from holy orders. *S. F.* v, ii, 455.
- eagerly, sharply. *A. L.* i, 130.
- event, outcome. *A. L.* iv, 97; v, 31; *S. F.* i, i, 19.
- fact, deed. *S. F.* v, ii, 478.
- few, see in few.
- fond, foolish; mad. *S. F.* i, i, 248; ii, ii, 81.
- forfeit, misdeed, crime. *S. F.* iv, ii, 76.

- friendly, adv. *A. L.* iii, 151.
- hard-head, a match at butting with the head. *S. F.* v, ii, 67.
- hilding, base or worthless creature. *S. F.* ii, iv, 9.
- in few, in brief. *A. L.* v, 91.
- in quirpo, without cloak or upper garment (Spanish, *en cuerpo*). *S. F.* v, ii, 456.
- Jacobin, black or Dominican friar. *S. F.* ii, iii, 3; ii, iii, 62.
- jump, agree. *S. F.* ii, iii, 84.
- machine, dramatic motive. *A. L. Pref.* l. 35.
- moppet, doll. *S. F.* i, i, 287.
- motion, puppet-show. *S. F. Ded.* l. 108.
- mum, a kind of strong ale. *S. F. Prol.* l. 26.
- notcht, indentured. *S. F. Prol.* l. 21.
- pall'd, vapid. *A. L. Pref.* l. 86.
- paratours, apparitors, officers of an ecclesiastical court. *S. F.* iv, i, 42.
- peach, impeach. *S. F.* iv, i, 30.
- phocæ, seals. *A. L.* i, 11.
- pistol, pistole, a Spanish gold coin. *S. F.* v, ii, 445.
- pointed, appointed. *S. F.* v, i, 38.
- porcpisce, porpoise. *A. L.* iv, 69.
- prevent, anticipate. *S. F.* v, i, 38.
- prove, test. *A. L.* iv, 250; v, 33.
- puts out, brings to the surface. *A. L.*, iv, 76.
- quirpo, see in quirpo.
- restive, inert. *S. F.* ii, ii, 139.
- rivell'd, wrinkled, shrunk. *A. L. Prol.* l. 40.
- scantling, a very small quantity. *S. F. Ded.* l. 49.
- sea-horses, hippopotami. *A. L.* i, 14.
- squander'd, scattered. *S. F.* i, i, 37.
- stand, hold back. *S. F.* i, i, 355.
- states, the three estates of the realm. *S. F.* i, i, 208.
- success, fortune (good or bad). *S. F.* iv, i, 153.
- swindging, huge. *S. F.* iii, ii, 271.
- tell, count. *S. F. Ded.* l. 26; *S. F.* v, i, 39.
- Tonyes, simpletons. *A. L. Prol.* l. 15.
- train-bands, city militia (so called in London). *S. F.* iv, ii, 155.